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SKATER'S SONG.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY I. D. J S.

INVOCATION.

Jack Frost! thou king of icy reign,
Welcome again thou art to me;
Thy Sceptre touch'd the watery plain,
'Tis "magic glass!"—while every tree
Is flashing in the morning beams
Of the red sun; which even now,
Casts rosy light on sculptured streams,
Hushed—silent—as the marble brow
Which Death has chilled—while o'er the river,
A soul has sped to joy forever.

SONG.

The morning is glorious! Come skaters, awake,
Just raise up your windows, and look on the river,
Old "Jack" has succeeded in "sealing" the lake,
Then "on with your duds"—and don't stand in a shiver,
Don't wait for your breakfasts—but 'stow in the crullers,'
And hasten to bring from each place of deposit,
The bright "steeds of steel," and the "rickety scullers"
That have lain for long months in each corner and closet.

Now away! climb the wall, cross the field in a trice,
Where the corn-hills of June bare their foreheads of loam,
One thought, but one wish fills the soul—'tis the *ice*,
The Heaven of the skater—his glittering home!
Let us pause on the brow of the snow-covered hill,
And listen for sounds from the valley beyond:—
Each boy holds his breath, that his heart may be still.
Hark! a shout! they are there—they are there, on the Pond.

With an answering shout—down the hill like the wind,
See the boy with his father's old coat has "gone under;"
While his father's old skates are now "going it blind,"
He but snatches up *one*, and vociferates "*thunder!*"
The rest are ahead; he *must* pick up the other,
He "*nails* it," but also his stern "nails" the ground,
Now he "opens his trap," and bawls w-a it, to his brother;
Vain call! the "mad throng" will not pause at the sound.

We are all here at last, and the "friendly surtout,"
Hides a "cavernous rent" in the seat of the breeches
Of the boy "just arrived," with one shoe, and one boot,
Who has met with a *smash*, and a fracture of—*stitches*.
Now strap on your skates, boys, and "stamp in each heel,"
Drive the spurs safely home, and "tuck under the straps,"
Hurrah! we are off, with a flash, and a wheel,
A shout for the sport! and a fig for mishaps.

How swiftly the shadows reflected recede!
We are circling, and "sculling," and "running the heats,"
Some are making "spread-eagles"—some noses to bleed,
Some are gliding like arrows—and others "dead beats."
Let us bring on the boughs of the hemlock and pine,
And mark off a "score" for a game of "steal goods,"
"Choose sides"—and "move forward," each party "in line,"
And bear off the treasures just gleaned from the woods.

We will glide o'er the chrystallized plain 'till the sun,
Casts his deep purple rays o'er the mountains afar,
Now off with our skates, boys—the pastime is done,
We'll return by the light of the evening star.
May to morrow be fine—is the prayer of each boy,
As he turns on his pillow, preparing to dream,
Of each heart-stirring, measureless, *slippery* joy!
That has gladdened his soul on the face of the stream.

NEW YORK, Jan. 19, 1862.

THE SHARPERS FOILED;

OR,

PLOTS UNMASKED,

AND

VILLAINY DEFEATED.

EMBRACING

Fast Life Scenes in New York,

IN WHICH

The Gambler, The Harlot, The Tricky Lawyer, The Revengeful Villain, The Designing Woman,

AND OTHER INIQUITOUS CHARACTERS

ARE

TRUTHFULLY DEPICTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAPER X.

THE STRATAGEM.

"How beautiful she is!" said Mary Grim to her father the next morning, as they stood gazing at the sleeping Susan.

"Yes," gruffly responded Mr. Grim, "she's good-looking enough, but has she got any money? I can't afford to have strange young women living on me, and—"

"Yes, father, yes, I understand, but then 'twas but a charity to have her stay here last night," pleaded the gentle Mary.

"Charity is a dangerous virtue, my child," sullenly responded Grim; "she must go to-day, unless she *has* money."

"Ush, father, retire—she's awaking," cried Mary.

Noiselessly the lawyer left the bed-room, and the door had hardly closed behind him ere Susan's eyes opened widely on the smiling face of pretty Mary Grim.

"Kind, sweet girl, how can I ever thank you for your kindness?"

"By not saying one word about it, but getting right up and eating some breakfast—and after that, you know, you can keep your last night's promise."

"What was it?" asked Susan.

"Why, to tell me the story of your life. I'm all impatience to hear it, for I know it must be entertaining."

* * * * * * * * * * *

Mr. Grim had hardly got seated in his office this morning, when a knock at the door announced a client. The usual summons to "come in" was given, and the lawyer saw before him a large, portly, handsome man, with an immense beard and moustache.

"Good morning, sir," said Mr. Grim, with much suavity.

"I have the honor of speaking to Mr. Grim," said the stranger.

"That is my name, sir."

"Sir, I am a portrait painter. I am recommended to you as a person likely to afford me a chance to earn a little something."

"Oh, no—God bless me, no," cried Mr. Grim, "I don't want my portrait taken."

"You mistake me, sir. My friend has informed me that you have a daughter."

"True, true, but—"

"Pardon me, while I explain. I have just received an order for a painting, from a distinguished gentleman, which it is necessary should contain a face of a peculiar cast. My friend informs me that your daughter possesses such a face. You understand me, sir."

"Yes, yes, but I could never allow my daughter's face to—"

"Pardon me, but I think I could offer sufficient inducements for you to allow me to sketch the countenance of your child."

"Inducements? pray what are they?" inquired Mr. Grim, eagerly.

"You hold notes, I am informed, to the amount of six hundred dollars, of a certain friend of mine—Mr. Powers."

"I do, sir."

"Those notes I am prepared to take up the instant I shall have completed your daughter's portrait."

"Six hundred dollars—are you serious, sir?" inquired the wondering lawyer.

"Never more so. The amount, I know, is large, but I am willing to abide by my proposition."

"Let me reflect a moment," said Mr. Grim. "Six hundred dollars—there can be but little danger. Six hundred—portrait—sir," he asked aloud, "will you tell me the name of him who recommended you to me?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly—Col. Herman Cashton.

"If you had but mentioned that at first, all difficulties would have been avoided. I would do anything, *anything* for Col. Cashton."

"Then I presume you accept my proposal."

"Certainly, sir, certainly. When would it please you to begin?"

"I should like to see the lady to-day, sir."

"Ah! very well, sir, very well. I will write a note—your pardon, sir—you have not yet mentioned your name," said Mr. Grim.

"Lorenzo D'Orsay, at your service."

"Ah! well, here, Mr. D'Orsay, this note will be a sufficient introduction. Powers' notes—six hundred dollars—all right, sir. Of course I may depend on your fulfilling—"

"My promise, sir. Have you not Col. Cashton?"

Ah! true, true; good morning, sir," said Mr. Grim, bowing low, as the stranger disappeared. "Ah!" he muttered triumphantly, "one-half of the money is mine—such was my agreement with my client. A good morning's work," and straightway he began to upbraid his office boy. It is probable that his reflections would not have been so agreeable, could he have heard the mutterings of the artist, as he walked rapidly up the street.

"Ah! I shall get into the house, and then my course shall be easy, for when did I ever fail? Cashton tells me she is romantic, so this will just suit her. Ah! Grim, Grim, the lawyer is no match yet for the man of the world."

* * * * * * * * * *

"I wonder who this fine-looking man is, coming up the steps?" asked Mary Grim.

"I hope it's a doctor, for I've got such a pain across me, and—" the conclusion of Mrs. Grim's sentence was cut short by a ring at the door bell, and Mary soon ushered in Mr. D'Orsay.

"This note, madam," bowed the stranger, "will explain my visit;" and he muttered to himself—"I wonder who that Juno-like damsel is in the window there?"

"Ah, Mr. D'Orsay, my husband says you are to paint our Mary's picture, which is perfectly right and proper, although things are different now from what they was when I was a gal."

"Pardon me, Mr. D'Orsay, you are not seated," interposed Mary, "and permit me to introduce to you Miss Winter."

"Winter, Winter? That's the name of the girl Harry wanted. I wonder if this is the same; I admire his taste if she is, by Jove!" thought the artist; and then, rapidly and briefly, he detailed to Mary the same story he had already told her father.

"And now, Madam," said he, in conclusion, "as I am in haste to execute my order, would it be imposing too much on you to ask you to allow me to proceed at once to take a sketch of your features," and he pulled from under his coat a large portfolio.

"Oh, dear, sir!" cried Mary, "I'm not at all prepared."

"Pardon me, you are natural," said the artist; "and what so beautiful as nature?" Soft as the summer twilight was the smile and blush that stole over Mary's cheek.

"Ah, you are a flatterer, sir," said she.

"Pardon me, madam, there is no room for flattery," again spoke the artist.

"What an exceedingly good looking man he is," thought Mary.

"Ah! my first shots have told," thought D'Orsay.

"Mary, my dear Mary, I am sure you'll excuse me for a while," interposed Susan, who had remained thoughtlessly silent.

"Why, where would you go, Susan?" cried Mary.

"Go I know not where, but go I must," murmured Susan, and with a bow she left the room.

"Miss Grim, did I understand you—that young lady's name is Winter?" asked Mr. D'Orsay.

"Yes, poor girl; and were I a poet, Mr. D'Orsay, I would say her name was a synonyme for the state of her heart, for she is indeed a cheerless, unhappy girl!" said Mary with much feeling.

"Probably some blighted hopes, or—"

"You are right, sir. She loves a young man fondly, but he does not return her affection," said Mary.

"Unrequited love is oftimes fatal," sighed Mr. D'Orsay, with a quick glance at Mary, that caused the blood to dash into her cheeks, and her heart beat almost audibly.

"Oh, dear!" here interrupted Mrs. Grim, "I've got to go see after the dinner. Ah, me, things ain't now as they was when I was a gal, because then—" the remainder of the sentence was lost in the entry.

"Now, madam," if you please," said D'Orsay, "we will begin," and taking his pencils forth, he seemed in the act of sketching her pretty face. A moment's awkward pause ensued, when the supposed painter dashed down his book and pencils, and cried, as if in anguish, "It is useless!" and bowed his head.

"Pray, sir, are you ill?" inquired the startled Mary.

"Ill! Aye! I'm ill, but 'tis heart sickness. Pardon me, madam, I pray you, but I love you!" cried D'Orsay, earnestly.

"Sir!" said Mary, with all that dignity that woman can assume, "this conduct is—"

"Unpardonable! Aye! I know it is; but listen, I pray, before you order me from your presence. Grant me this, at least," pleaded D'Orsay.

"Sir!" said Mary, who, spite of herself, was interested, "it is wrong; but what have you to say?"

"For months, sweet girl, have I known thee and loved thee—for months have I sought for that introduction that the cold forms of society demands before I dare address thee. I waited, but waited in vain; at length, in my delirium of love for thee, I formed a desperate resolve. I assumed this disguise, deceived your father—you—all."

"Disguise, sir? What mean you?" cried Mary.

"Behold me, sweet girl, as I am," murmured Mr. D'Orsay, and he hastily tore away the immense beard and moustache, and removing the huge cloak he wore, revealed to the astounded Mary the handsome face and graceful figure of our friend, George Fenner. Mary was one of those peculiar girls who have a strong love of the romantic in whatever shape it may come, and this sudden revealment produced a favorable impression upon her, besides, as has been truly said, "no woman was ever yet offended by a declaration of love." Therefore we may pardon Mary if she cast a kindlier glance at Fenner than she had hitherto bestowed. Her words, however, belied the feelings of her heart, for in a firm tone she cried, "Leave me sir; leave me, instantly."

"Leave you, most beautiful of creatures?" cried Fenner, "leave you? Nay, not till you have deigned to bestow upon me one smile, to give me one kind word, to bid me hope."

"I cannot, sir," murmured Mary.

"Oh! do not drive me from you without one look; tell me that I may some day hope to win thee," cried the actor, passionately.

"Oh! sir! this is rash, imprudent; my mother may return," cried Mary, yielding a little.

"True, true, I will resume this dress; but let me not depart without one word."

"Oh! this is folly, sir," cried Mary, still yielding.

"Pray give me that rose, tho' 'tis but false, yet you have owned it," cried Fenner, and he essayed to take it from her mass of golden curls.

"No, no," she cried, "I cannot; 'tis wrong; I must tell my parents—call—"

"And thus destroy my last hope? Brightest of beings, did you but know—"

"I've got such a pain across me, that I c-a-an't get dinner. Excuse me, Mr. D'Orsay, but we're all human—as they used to say when I was a gal—" ejaculated Mrs. Grim, at this moment entering the apartment.

"D—n the woman," muttered Fenner; "yes, madam, we are liable to infirmities—I myself am subject to heart disease," and he glanced meaningly at Mary.

"Well, about the best thing I know for that is about a table-spoonful of brandy, and a little peppermint. It cures all my aches and pains entirely," said Mrs. Grim; "but how do you come on with the picter—do you find her easy to take?"

"No, madam, indeed she is not," responded Fenner, with another meaning look at Mary; "but I am still in hopes that faithfulness and perseverance may enable me to accomplish my task."

"Well, I really hope you will," said Mrs. Grim—"and Mary, I am sure will do the best she can."

"Nay, mother, do not talk now," cried the confused Mary.

"I shall leave you now," said Mr. Fenner, as he arose.

"Pray, when will you call again?" asked Mrs. Grim.

"That depends on your daughter, madam."

"You may—" almost whispered Mary—"you may call to-morrow."

"She is mine," muttered Mr. Fenner, as he left the house.

CHAPTER XI.

THE STRANGER BOY.

Two days have passed. Intense is the excitement raging in the bosom of Mark Winter, since the disappearance from her home of his beloved niece. His sister had so skillfully avoided his inquiries, that he believed she had voluntarily left. Fenner had improved his two days' acquaintanceship with Mary Grim to ingratiate himself more and more in her affections. Harry was still confined to his room from the effects of the pistol shot fired by Bill Stiles, and was mentally indulging in a strain of cursing, when his servant announced that a young lad desired to see him.

"Show him in," said Harry, glad of a relief from the *ennui* that was oppressing him; in another moment the boy stood before him. Harry gazed with interest at the lad, who was apparently some seventeen or eighteen years of age, short, with a nut-brown complexion, and short, curly hair. He stood timidly in the doorway, as if waiting to be addressed.

"What would you with me, my son?"

"I came, sir," said the boy, modestly, "for work."

"For work? why, I can give you no work," responded Harry.

I was told that you was good and kind to the unfortunate; that you never turned from your doors those who were poor," said the boy.

"Oh! you want money? Well, I can give you that," said Harry, drawing forth his pocket-book.

"No, sir; that is not what I wish; 'tis to serve you sir," pleaded the boy.

"To serve me, but how?" cried Harry, wonderingly.

"Any way; anything that I can do."

"But you can do nothing that I want done, child," cried Harry; "who in Heaven's name sent you to me?"

"A lady, sir," replied the boy.

"A lady!" echoed Harry, "who is she? her name?"

"I am forbidden to tell."

"A lady—forbidden to tell—there's something mysterious about this," thought Harry. "What did the lady tell you to do?"

"To see you, to know you, to be with you ever, to watch over you, to care for you, to love—" and the boy suddenly hesitated.

"Well, the lady certainly must take a great interest in me," said Harry.

"She does, sir," said the boy, eagerly.

"And she wants to set a spy over me."

"No, no sir; it is not that; she loves you too well for that."

"Oh! she *loves* me. Come, now, tell me how she is."

"I cannot break my word, sir."

"Well, by Jove, this is strange," said Harry. "Do you really want to come?"

"I do indeed, sir."

"I wonder what woman could have sent. Louise? No, no. Eva Darling? (the boy started.) No, it could not have been her," mused Harry. "Well, boy, if you've a mind to, you can stay with me for a while."

"Thank you, thank you," cried the lad.

CHAPTER XII.

GUS. GOES TO A DOG FIGHT.

"St. Cecil!" said Mr. Mordaunt to that gentleman, as they met in Broadway on the same afternoon that the preceding chapter treats of; "St. Cecil, my boy, where are you bound for to-night?"

"Mr. Mordaunt, I haven't the remotest idea," was the reply.

"Come with me, then," said Gus.

"Where to?"

"Big dog fight—ever see one? no? you've missed it. Great fun—rats, dogs, and terriers—collars for dogs and handcuffs for men—rough dogs, rough men, savage canines, ditto human—will you go?"

"Isn't it slightly dangerous?"

"Not at all—pay your quarter—get your seat—if a big man crowds you, give him room—if he's little, don't—capital rule—good order, though, generally. 'Arry's very particular."

"Well, don't care if I do go."

"Ah! here's Jerry B——hallo Jerry! got camped at last, have you?" cried Gus., as a good-looking young man joined them.

"Yes, it was my destiny, and I resigned myself," responded the young man.

"Well, I hope you'll never be sorry—ever play billiards?" asked Gus.

"Certainly; want a game?"

"To be sure; I can shake you," and straightway the three gentlemen entered Lafayette Hall, and were engaged in discussing and proving by the aid of sundry ivory globes, various mathematical problems.

"After indulging in a drink, and having a little horse talk with certain gentlemen at the bar, Gus. and St. Cecil left the hall.

"It's most too early yet to go," said Gus, what'll we do in the interim?"

"Anything; I'm not particular," replied St. Cecil.

"I'll tell you; we'll go down to Madam Bell's and have a game of whist," cried Gus.

"Agreed," replied St. Cecil, and the two proceeded down Broadway to C—— street.

In this street, beyond West Broadway, is a long row of one or two story frame houses. The lower portions of these are occupied as segar stores, where liquors are dispensed, and which bear some highly romantic and sweet sounding name. The stores are generally divided into two rooms, by a slight partition; in the first or outer room is the bar, and the inner is devoted to cards, the drinking of wine, and (as there are usually two girls attached to each establishment) sometimes actions are committed there that are immoral in the extreme. Into one of these places did our two "rounders" enter, and interchanged a pleasant word with a lady behind the bar, who apparently had just been engaged in purloining the contents of Tiffany's store, wherewith to adorn her person.

"Ah, Bell," said Gus, as he entered, "you've rung no changes yet, I see."

"No, indeed!" she cried," ain't a going to, either."

"Bell, St. and I'll play you and Delia a game of seven-up," said Gus.

"*Whist*, ye divil—ten up," replied Bell, and the party was made up: Bell and St. Cecil against Gus and a young but alas! a fallen girl, who was addressed as Delia. It would be somewhat out of place for us to give here the jokes, quips, and *double entendres* that were indulged in by the party. Suffice it to say, the game was ended, and Gus, having fulfilled the duties of the elected man, departed.

"And now," said he to St. Cecil, turning into West Broadway, "now for rats and dogs."

The hall of exhibition was soon reached. Previous to entering the room, however, the two sauntered into the bar-room, upon opening the door of which St. Cecil almost involuntarily recoiled. It seemed as if they were entering pandemonium, such a chorus of howls and growls and barks saluted their ears. The room was filled with strong, black tobacco smoke—but through the mist could be discerned the forms of some two-score rough-visaged, loosely-dressed individuals. Two-thirds of these had dogs with them. Their conversation was chiefly whether 'Arry's dog "Jinks" could kill 1000 rats in twenty minutes, or whether big Pat's little slut Fanny could lick little Mick's big slut Biddy. In fact, the place was dog all over. The pictures on the wall were lithographs of dogs; the men were *dog*-matical in appearance; and many of them were *dog*-ged in character. Gus and St. Cecil indulged in a glass of ale, and shortly afterwards a grand rush was made by all present for the exhibition room. Hurried along by the crowd (having first deposited a half in the hands of a gentleman at the door), Gus and St. Cecil found themselves in a large room, with rows of benches rising one above the other from the "pit," which was a small ring filled with earth and sawdust in the centre of the room.

At one side of this pit stood a burly, heavy-looking man, who was examining with great care a fine white dog which he affectionately patted and caressed. In the opposite corner stood another man, with another dog, which *he* patted and caressed. Ere long, at a signal given from a bottle-nosed gentleman acting as referee, the two dogs were brought face to face in the centre of the pit. For a moment did they fiercely eye each other, and then like two tigers did they spring to their bloody task. Intense was the excitement of the multitude—they rose and swayed to and fro like ocean waves—they shouted and halloed, and cursed and bet, and the dogs with them added to the uproar. The animals in the pit were fighting yet with terrible energy. At length the battle was over, the black dog refused to "scratch," and the white dog, though terribly maimed, was declared the winner. And now a variety of other sports commenced, which it is out of our province to give a sketch of, badger-baiting, coon-drawing, rat-killing, each by turns affording great amusement to the assemblage. At length our friends became tired, and left the scene.

"Gus, what the devil did you take me to such a place as that for?" said St. Cecil, as they once more breathed fresh air.

"To see a shade of New York life—you have always lived in its lights; your amusements have been of a high class; those you saw to-night prefer a dog-fight to a horse race; or like a coon-drawing better than a regatta; and think rat-killing a nobler sport than deer-hunting. We have *our* sports, my boy, the roughs must have theirs," said Gus.

"True, Mordaunt, but wasn't you damnably afraid of having your pocket picked?"

"No—who ever hears of a sporting man, be he of high or low degree, being arrested for anything except fighting? Understand me when I say sporting man. I mean the true one—not those who wear tight shoes and swagger and bully around—these are the kind that disgrace the sporting fraternity of our city, for they are encouraged by politicians, and when caught in any offence, get clear; for judge and jury alike fear them. Why, I tell you that the sporting men of New York would willingly pay any sum to have these chaps in Sing Sing."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A BOXER DARKEY, N. Y.—The Jack Jones you refer to was born in 1823, in Northamptonshire, Eng. His fighting weight was 136 lbs. His various battles were as follows:—Beat Hill, 18 rounds, part at Princtead, and part at Havant Thicket, Nov. 24, 1846; beat W. Cole, £20 a side, 10 rounds, 10 minutes, at Langston Harbor, July 15, 1847; beaten by Joe Rowe; beat Harry Martin, £30 a side, 58 minutes, 29 rounds, at Lower Hope Point, Kentish shore, July 16, 1850; beat Crockett, £50 a side, 7 rounds, 38 minutes, at Grays, Essex, Oct. 16, 1850; beaten by Madden; was to have fought Hayes, Nov. 4, 1851, but a backer of Jones was killed by falling into the engine-room, on board the steamer which was conveying the men to the fight, and the battle was postponed; beaten by Hayes, twice; fought Donelly, £50 a side, 48 rounds, 2 hours 16 minutes, a gallant and exciting contest, darkness came on, March 30, 1853, at East Tilbury; beat Donnelly, £100 a side, 35 rounds, 2 hours, 6 minutes, at Brandon Heath, June 1, 1853; fought Brettle, £100 a side, 49 rounds, 105 minutes, at Purfleet, (darkness came on,) Nov. 21, 1854. A new place appointed by the referee for the following Saturday, Nov. 25, to renew the fight, but Brettle having occasioned his own apprehension, stakes given to Jones; beaten by Mike Madden, (fatal to Jones,) Dec. 12, 1855. Verdict of "Manslaughter" against Madden and others, who were tried at Maidstone, and acquitted.

P. P., Philadelphia.—1. Ireland was invaded by King Henry II, of England, 1172, but the country was not fully "annexed," in a political sense, until Lord Castlereagh arranged the sale of its parliament for £1,500 000 sterling, in 1799. 2. The history of Ireland is full of rebellions. 3. There was no rebellion in Ireland at the time of the famine in 1847. 4. We refer you to O'Halloran and Dolby's "Complete History of Ireland," the former, an Irishman, and the latter an Englishman. In this way, the reader gets about the medium of truth. 5. The rebellion of 1798 is now generally viewed as a political ruse on the part of Lord Castlereagh. The loss of life was not so great as you state. It was bad enough.

QUIRK & QUILTZ, Worcester.—In conformity with the rules under which the match was fought, and as we understand the statement of both parties, we are of the opinion that Quirk is entitled to the battle, and so decide. The law is quite plain; and it is important that handlers should understand their duties; when a judge calls out, "down cocks!" both cocks are to be delivered instantly; if a judge says, "breast!" the cocks are to be breasted in the centre of the pit immediately, and either handler failing to comply, loses the battle.

HONEST ABE, N. Y.—1. It is impossible to state exactly what the number of the rebel army is. It has been variously estimated at from 500,000 to 600,000. 2. Tom Hyer is 42 years of age, and resides in this city. 3. The effort now being made to abolish concert saloons in this city may possibly prove successful, although we are of the opposite opinion, because we think that our legislature would hardly be so foolish as to seek to control the amusements of the people in so high handed a manner, or take employment away from so many artists who are now making their livelihood by them.

A READER.—"I had a watch which I sold for $70. I bought it back for $40, and sold it again for $45. What did I profit on the bargain? A says $15, B says $5. Which is correct?".....A is correct, $10 having been made on the first trade and $5 on the second. We publish this question in full as a specimen of the many droll queries submitted to us.

CLIPPER READER, Cincinnati.—"In a game of All Fours, played a few evenings since, a dispute arose, and the question is left to you to decide. It is this—If, after the cards are dealt, one hand contains neither ace, face, nor trump, can the holder throw up his hand, and demand a fresh deal?".....He cannot.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER, Cleveland, O.—Your statement may be perfectly correct, but you do not give us your name and address, as an authentication thereof. Our craft, like any other, is liable to run on a dangerous rock sometimes, you know, but we prefer one that shows its summit above water to one that don't.

A PRINTER, Anderson, Ind.—1. We believe him to be quite "on the square" in reference to pecuniary affairs. 2. We have no need to make use of any cultivator for our hirsute appendages, consequently we are unable to post you. 3. Will show the party your letter.

F. C. D., Providence, R. I.—If your ball was frozen or fast to the light red, and you drove it from its position when making your next shot, no matter what caroms you might have made, or what balls were pocketed, you were entitled to no count. You should have first played on some other ball.

T. C. F., Detroit, Mich.—1. The post master of your "village" will inform you most correctly. 2. We believe not. 3. The Harlem and New Haven railroads diverge at Williams' Bridge, which is 14 miles from the City Hall, New York.

J. B., Yuba, Cal.—Joe Coburn has been an inmate of Sing Sing Prison since the 7th of May, 1859, being convicted for an assault upon a police officer in this city. He will be liberated next May. 2. We know nothing of the other party.

BANTAM COCK, N. Y.—1. We know of no one in the city at present of whom we would recommend you to purchase. The By-Laws may be seen at 233 Bowery. 2. We believe it to be on the square. Drop a line to Bailey as advertised in our columns.

LA RUE, Whitewater, Mich.—The term "prestidigitation" is derived from the Latin words, presto—quick; and digit—finger, and means quick or nimble fingering, or what is usually termed "slight of hand." It is pronounced with the g soft, as in bridge.

J. H., Barre Plains, Mass.—The principal French newspaper published in this city is the *Courier des Etats Unis*, edited by M Masseras. Address 19 Walker street. There are two others, viz:—*The Publicite* and *Le Messager*.

FOUNDRY, Bordentown.—1. Tom Paddock fought Poulson three times; in the first fight, Poulson was the winner; the two subsequent ones were won by Paddock. 2 Aaron Jones was twice defeated by Paddock.

H. G., Newburyport.—1. A's high scores at once, and puts him out before B has had a chance to count; the latter is therefore "skunked." 2. The two players score two points each for the euchre.

DUSTY BOY, N. Y.—Our theatrical summary gives all the information we at any time possess, or are at liberty to publish on such subjects.

MANY NEWSDEALERS, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Our experience teaches us that it would be impolitic at this time, otherwise we should be pleased to conform to the request.

C. N. S. 69TH REGT., Alexandria, Va.—The subject of your last is rather too ancient to be of interest now. Write when convenient. We have booked you for the CLIPPER.

DISGUST, Providence, R. I.—Because the last round was, as a matter of course, the end of the fight, which proved fatal. The whole affair was a foul proceeding.

TOBY JOHNSON.—They go out in this order, viz:—high, low Jack and game; but when Jack is turned up as trump card, it is scored at once. In the case in dispute, high and low win.

OLD IRONSIDES.—The only certain hands are four aces, or four kings and an ace. The player who holds either of these hands can rake the pile.

UNCLE BILL, Trenton, N. J.—If we understand your question aright we should say both—that is, either the single piece, or the twenty-five.

CHARLEY, Louisville, Ky.—Having no personal acquaintance with the lady, we cannot undertake to advise you. It might be well to make a trial, at least.

M. H., Taunton, Mass.—Address the Captain, giving name of the vessel, and Uncle Sam will see to the safe delivery of your letter.

D. H. M. I., Lion, N. Y.—An opportunity such as you seek is difficult to be found just now. Will bear you in mind, however.

SURVEILLE.—Attention to our theatrical summary will be the best means of posting yourself in reference to the lady's whereabouts.

MOROCCO.—It is a fancifully wrought sketch, on the supposition, merely, that Calhoun had such a dream.

CAIRO, Ill.—Yours arrived too late to be of service. Should be pleased to hear from you at your convenience.

A GREEN 'UN, Columbus, O.—They are very scarce and difficult to procure. An advertisement might fetch them.

W. R., Schenectady.—Respectfully declined. We have quite a budget of that style of songs already on hand.

S. S. C., Salem, N. J.—The Persia is 390 feet in length. She is a British vessel.

R. A., Buffalo.—Lady Suffolk never made better time than 2:26. Tacony's time was a little faster than Lady Suffolk's.

SUBSCRIBER, Toronto.—The Union Course, Long Island, is a full mile. The Derby Course, in England, is a mile and a half.

J. H. S., Fulton.—Dick & Fitzgerald, No. 18 Ann street, New York. Prices range from 25 cents to $1.

A READER, N. Y.—You will find your question fully answered in "Our Portrait Gallery" in this issue.

A. T. B., New York.—The term originated from the ancient bull-head, of "The three wise men of Gotham."

YOUNG AMERICA, Providence, R. I.—Although out of our line, we will endeavor to fill your order.

C. A. F., Boston, Mass.—The article was concluded at that time. We endorse your opinion.

SUBSCRIBER, Albany, N. Y.—Flora Temple's quickest mile time is 2:19¼.

BOX 400, Chicago, Ill.—If we find a customer we will duly post you.

R. A. J., Philadelphia.—It was in the year 1861, instead of 1860.

NEWS BOY, St. John, N. B.—Have put you on our exchange list.

NEW YORKER.—Address J. Began, No. 111 Eldridge street, N. Y.

W. H. W., Philadelphia.—Paper received. Thanks.

F. W. 33D PA. VOL.—We possess no record of him.

GUN BOAT.—He is a native of this city.

J. J. S., Boston.—Book forwarded.

MR EDWIN JAMES may be addressed, Boulton street, Soho street, Handsworth, near Birmingham, England, care of Mr. S. Pens, 21 St. further notice.

SPORTING PAPERS.

IT is an erroneous idea to suppose that, because the NEW YORK CLIPPER has met with success, Tom, Dick, and Harry can go into the business, publish what *they* call sporting papers, and make money by the operation. It is a wrong idea, as many have discovered to their cost. Until the NEW YORK CLIPPER was started by its present editor and proprietor, there never existed a really popular sporting paper on this side of the Atlantic. In years gone by, many attempts were made by gentlemen of means and experience, to introduce sporting journals to the notice of the American public, but they all died out after a brief existence, save one—the old *Spirit of the Times*—under the editorial guidance of the late Wm. T. Porter; but even that journal was not a journal for the people. Its speciality seemed to be the turf; and matters pertaining thereto were given preference over all other sporting interests. It was a high-priced journal, too, and its circulation was confined, almost exclusively, to patrons of the race track. It was seldom seen by "the people." It seemed to make no effort to popularize the various pastimes and recreations now so general through the influence of the CLIPPER. On the contrary, it was "all horse." The CLIPPER was started to occupy a broader field—to encourage the young in the pursuit of healthful recreation, and to bring to public notice the advantages to be derived from physical exercises, which had been almost entirely neglected hereaway. We had no idea of attempting to compete with Mr. Porter's journal; in fact, we very seldom saw that paper; but as we progressed—putting the price of our little craft within the means of all—the old journal seems to have fallen off. Our success induced some others to embark in the "publishing business," and a paper called the "Challenge" was issued. It lived only long enough to show its projectors how unwise and how unprofitable their speculation proved to be. It was swallowed up in the CLIPPER, which was then making rapid strides in public estimation. Other sheets of a like character were started at that period, but all, sooner or later, succumbed to a "superior force," and died and left no sign. The old *Spirit* began to look shaky, and Mr. Porter withdrew from the concern, and started "Porter's Spirit," in opposition, it appears, to the other sheet, which had then been in existence some twenty years. Mr. Porter lived but a short time after his separation from the old paper, and from this old concern, then, "falling into the sere and yellow leaf," emanated sundry "Spirits," some backed with very "strong influence," both in writers and in money. There seemed to be a conspiracy among them to break down the little CLIPPER, which had then attained a most extraordinary popularity. The "great array of talent" engaged on the other papers, it was supposed, must crush out, in a very short time, "Queen's little sporting paper," as it was familiarly called by the fraternity. We were to be finished off in six months, but we didn't see it; and here we are, singing the requiem of departed "Spirits," and of Spirits of men not just yet made perfect.

When the war broke out, there was great tribulation in the newspaper world; the rupture between the North and the South cut off trade between the two places, and many papers in the North that had formerly received "aid and comfort" from the South, found their supplies fast diminishing, and in the pathetic language of a favorite poet, "Soon they swooned, and died." Among the number was the old *Spirit*, which had "braved the battles and the breeze," for more than a score of years. It derived its patronage, chiefly, from the South, and soon after the commencement of hostilities, it ceased to exist. The others were sufferers as well, but by the aid of their "great array of talent," they continued to eke out a sort of existence, for a time. A month or two since, one of the remaining Spirits, which had been published weekly, was turned into a monthly. The remainder of the family have been "swapping off," and changing hands so frequently, that it is extremely difficult to get at any responsible fountain head for the concern, supposing it to have one. In other cities, efforts were made to establish sporting papers, but all failed, like many of those that dated from the "great metropolis." It is one thing to start a sporting paper, but quite a different matter to conduct it successfully; so, too, in regard to theatrical organs. Attempts have been made to establish them in nearly every large city in the Union, but without success. The CLIPPER, of late years, has made this one of its specialities, and the theatrical department of our paper is now as popular as our sporting department. The profession acknowledge it to be the only paper in which they can find reliable information concerning the movements of actors, actresses, etc. The CLIPPER is the great sporting and theatrical authority of America, and the more competition it meets with, the more forcibly does its influence become manifest. In fact, the CLIPPER may be said to be the only responsible sporting and theatrical paper published in this country.

ANOTHER UNDECIDED PRIZE RING ENCOUNTER.

THE unsatisfactory termination of the fight between Brettle and Rooke, full particulars of which were given in last weeks' CLIPPER, is another evidence that the Prize Ring of England is becoming somewhat of a gambling machine, after the manner of the "American institutions," and that certain parties there, as here, enter into match making for no other purpose than to rob and swindle those who are not quite so "smart" or "clever" as themselves. The disgraceful manner in which the great International Fight between Heenan and Sayers was conducted by the partisans of the latter—the bullying at the ring side—the breaking into the ring by the supporters of Sayers—the unmanly fight of the referee—the free fight at the close—and the various other unfair means resorted to, to beat the Benicia Boy—have not been without their evil influences upon subsequent pugilistic contests. Sayers had been backed very heavily, at odds, to win; and if there had been the slightest chance of his winning the battle, on his merits alone, there would have been no interference; but from the opening of the ball, even the most enthusiastic friends of Sayers looked upon their case as a hopeless one. To save their money, then, the mob was engaged to break up the ring when their champion was helpless, and beaten almost to insensibility. The result we all know. The backers of Sayers were enabled to save their money, and the fight was never renewed, *Sayers being advised to retire from the ring!* The fruits of that international fight very frequently manifest themselves now, and we are of the opinion that the recent fight between Brettle and Rooke would have been decided in favor of Brettle, in the first ring, had there not been some heavy sums of money laid on Rooke; a bet of $1500 a side being laid between Brettle and Rooke's backers. The chances were certainly much against Rooke, up to the twenty second round, when the police very conveniently made their appearance, and put an end to the fight for the time being. A "forward movement" was made, and the time which elapsed between the first and second meetings enabled the friends of Rooke to materially improve their man's condition; Rooke did not make his appearance in the ring until a quarter of an hour after Brettle, and even then there was much delay before he was ready to toe the scratch. To our mind, his backers feared the loss of their money, and resorted to various schemes to gain time, knowing that the police would be on their track again; and so it proved, for the fighting had just been resumed, when the blues appeared, and broke up the fight, no doubt much to the gratification of Rooke and his backers. They met again on the following day; on the third round the police were once more conveniently by, and the battle was ended, to be resumed, it is said, in nine weeks. It seems to us that Rooke's backers, or partizans, gave the word to the police when they saw their case looked so discouraging. Such a thing has been done before, and will be done again, both in England and in America. The fight not being concluded the same week *all bets were declared off!* Rooke does not seem to have given satisfaction by his style of fighting, for he had to be hunted up and run after by Brettle, all over the ring, before he could be got to make any show of his intentions. We believe it was intended that Rooke should not lose if by craft it could be prevented. The opportune appearance of the blues saved the partisans of Rooke their money. Should the parties come together again, in March, the game may be repeated in case Rooke again gets cornered. We shall see. The British Prize Ring is not improving. There is money to be made out of it, and there are not wanting those to do the dirty work to help to make it. Just as Deerfoot and his "friends" have been "doing" the sporting community of England by their "pedestrian frauds," so have others been making money at the expense of the patrons of pugilism. They have taken a lesson from this side of the "big pond," and very soon they promise to be "masters of the situation," such they thus far proved themselves to be.

"IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR."—This is an ancient, but, we think, a very wise saw, and the necessity for so doing has been amply illustrated in the history of our country during the past year, and had we been better prepared, the war or rebellion now rampant in our midst, would not have made the progress that it has. Preparing for war, however, does not exclusively consist in raising so many thousands of men, in providing ordnance and ammunition, creating navies, and laying in store large quantities of supplies, &c., although these are proper measures to take as far as they go, and a government should always have sufficient power at hand to enforce its laws and demands, and to secure itself from the machinations of the rebellious. But there is another, and by no means secondary essential, that needs attention in time of peace, one that the CLIPPER, since its initial number, has always maintained and contended for, viz., the improvement of the physical condition of the people, more particularly the youth, for, undeniably, a soldier, to be efficient, must have muscle and the power of endurance, for without these all his theoretical knowledge of military tactics is rendered comparatively useless. What would Napoleon, Wellington, Washington, Scott, McClellan, and all other great generals have been, or done, without such physical powers? A child might give the answer. So long have we been rocked in the cradle of peace, that we, as a people, have become more or less enervated, and degenerated considerably from the standard of physical stamina of our forefathers. We have eschewed manly and ennobling sports and active exercise, until men of might in our more densely populated districts are comparatively few. We have improved somewhat within the past year or two, however, and greater attention is being paid to the development of muscle, and the present unfortunate war will, we hope, give still greater impetus to this forward movement in the right direction. We have been led to make these remarks by perusing the report of the Adjutant-General of this State, in which he recommends that military drills and the study of tactics should be introduced into our schools and academies. Such a course would indeed be a wise one, which we hope will be adopted, for gymnastic exercises, exhilarating and rejuvenating sports, and military drill, judiciously interspersed with mental studies, would impart a manly bearing to the boys, and increase their courage to a very great extent, and would be a wholesome relief to the severe test the mind is put to in our modern school system, and should the emergency arise, make better soldiers to fight the battles of their country. By all means then, let us in this way prepare for war in time of peace.

A CHICKEN DISPUTE.—A main of cocks was fought in Troy a few evenings since, between the fanciers of Albany and Troy. In another part of this paper will be found a notice of the affair. There seems to have been a good deal of angry controversy between the two parties, and "fight talk" was now and then indulged in; but the game cocks appear to have done all the actual fighting, while the "game men" did the talking. It is this bluster and braggadocia which we occasionally see and hear at cock fights that disgusts gentlemen fond of the sport, and who would patronise such events more extensively were it not for the noise and confusion created by the "bullies of the pit." There is no reason why a main should not be conducted in an orderly manner; parties could better arrange their bets and settle their accounts, if there was less confusion. Some fanciers, by their bluster, seek to intimidate and annoy those of a quiet character, who may be opposed to them in the affair in hand. This noise and confusion oftentimes will enable men, so disposed, to get out of paying their bets. We know of several instances that have occurred this winter, where bets were made in good faith, and won by gentlemen of the milder persuasions. When settling day came around, however, our mild friends were confronted by two or three of the noisy rabble, who made claim for the amount of *their* winnings. The claim was disputed by the rightful winners, but the others drew forth their memoranda books, showed *how* they bet, and *how* they won. Witnesses were conveniently at hand to attest the truth of the mems. in the book. It would have been useless to expostulate, and our mild friends—though really the winners—were obliged to become the losers, rather than stand a chance of getting their heads punched by the bullies. It is such disreputable characters that injure and destroy sporting interests, and the only way to obviate all trouble, is to have nothing to do with them.

IN A FOG.—It is always a source of amusement to the sporting community to read reports of sporting events, in what are called the respectable dailies of New York; for they are always full of silly inconsistencies and contradictions; but *our* respectables are no worse in that respect than those abroad. We have been looking over a report of the great fight between Brettle and Rooke, published in the Birmingham, Eng., *Daily Post*, and we have been compelled to "laugh consumedly" at the manner in which that affair is dished up. After a rambling account as to how the match originated, etc, the Birmingham daily says:—"Nine rounds were fought, when the police interfered. Welsh retired, and *walked over to Stratford*, took his place, and twenty-two rounds were fought in seventy-five minutes, all in favor of Brettle, who forced fighting, gained first blood, and *was knocked down in third round*, from a heavy right-hander on the nose." A rather strange conglomeration of ideas, and not quite as clear as mud. Why Welsh walked over to Stratis not explained, but the paper, like some of the rebel sheets, has news, doubtless, which it would not be safe to divulge. The fighting seems to have been all in favor of Brettle, who, among other good things vouchsafed to him, was knocked down. In what light the knock-down can be considered favorable, is something that puzzles us sorely; but the *Post* man says it's so, and we are forced to believe it. Our Birmingham friend is also informed that Brettle was so near the weight, that "he had to fight in thin shoes, which made him slip very much." He also states that "the police were quiet spectators from the ninth to the twenty second round;', which, if true, would be hailed with joy, as a good omen, by the sports of Great Britain. Our transatlantic friends will have to take a lesson from Charley Westhall or Harry Reed, who report pugilistic and other sporting matters for the *Sporting Life*, of London, in orthodox style.

ANOTHER CRICKETER GONE!—It is with unfeigned sorrow that we record the death of Hanoch Spivey, Esq., who, for a number of years most efficiently filled the office of Secretary to the New York Cricket Club, the members of which, and all cricketers who knew him, holding him in the highest esteem for his qualties as a man, as well as his social and exceedingly liberal disposition. He succumbed, at the age, of 32 to that most inveterate bowler—death, after a protracted suffering from heart disease, at his late residence, No. 86 Eighth Avenue, on Tuesday, Jan. 21st, and was consigned to his last earthly resting place in Greenwood Cemetery, on the 23d, the members of the N. Y. Cricket Club, Corinthian Lodge of F. A. M., and Covenant Lodge, No. 35, I. O. O. F., with many other intimate friends, escorting his remains thither as mourners indeed. Knowing him personally, as we did, we cannot close this obituary without asserting our regard for him, a regard that far exceeded the cold formalities of mere friendship, and express the fervent hope that his innings after death, may be as happy as his nearest and dearest friends on earth or in heaven could wish, and may the Great Protector take full charge of his bereaved widow and family. So in death as a true cricketer should, has Hanoch Spivey submissively acquiesced in this to him, last fiat of the Universal Umpire, which is never pronounced but to be obeyed. May his last sleep be his sweetest and happiest in its results.

THE BILLIARD MATCH.—It is now fixed beyond peradventure, that the billiard match between Messrs. Kavanagh and Foley, shall take place according to the terms stated in our two previous issues. Foley having, in the same honorable spirit in which they were made, accepted the additional propositions of Kavanagh, with the exception of leaving the third match at Buffalo to be decided upon after the first two shall have taken place, and deciding upon using one of Phelan's pocket-tables for the contest. The deposit as forfeit was duly made on Thursday last. As we stated last week, the affair is creating considerable excitement in the billiard world, and "treasury notes" have already been invested, the odds being slightly in favor of Kavanagh in New York, while, of course, the opposite is the case in Cleveland, Foley being the favorite there. The CLIPPER readers may rely on having the earliest intelligence in reference to the event as it progresses, even as they were first informed of the match being made.

THE GAY GAMBULIERS.—Since the late descents made by the police on the "banking establishments" of the class of financiers above denominated, caution has been the word, and an individual must be well known by the vigilant door keeper for the "open sesame" to be pronounced; whereas, in "auld lang syne" a "man was a man for a' that" if he only had the "spots" or buck-shot, to buck against the tiger with. This caution has been brought about by the fact that when arrests were about to be made, detectives, disguised as countrymen and other characters, would enter the establishments and take a hand in at the fun for a while, for the purpose of gleaning evidence against the fare-ok? proprietors and a betters. This going into a committee of the whole with closed doors is a losing arrangement, however, and we are credibly informed that the ballance in hand for the past week, has footed up but "slightually above nix," thus solving the proposition of Euclid, viz:—nothing from nothing you can't. The days of the wood-en protectorate seem to be over for a time, and the "gambuliers" are wondering if they shall ever "look upon his like again." "We mourn our loss" say they, and their "Lady Gay Spankers" will soon hang their harps on the willows, and indulge in the plaintive refrain, "O where is my gay gambulier gone?"

FOREIGN NEWS.—Nothing later in the way of trans-Atlantic sporting news has come to hand at the time of our going to press, the various steamers due having been delayed by the late storm. The Europa has arrived at Halifax, and by telegraphic advices from thence, we learn that Secretary Seward's reply to the demands of the British Government in reference to the Mason and Slidell affair had been received, and was deemed fully satisfactory. These two arch-traitors are alluded to by the London *Times*, in the following language:—"England would have done just as much for a negro." What a fall was there! Unless they are careful, these two worthies will slide into that place indicated by the termination of the latter's name, where they can take lessons on "secesh" from the original seceder, but will not be allowed to put them into practice, as he will take a pretty tight grip on them.

SLEIGHING.—The roads in the vicinity of New-York having undergone the threefold process of snowing, thawing, and freezing, sleighing is tip-top, and the cutters glide along as though on a clear sheet of ice, but unless in the hands of an expert Jehu, the equine quadrupeds find it difficult to keep their footing at anything like a 2:40 gait on descending ground. In spite of this, however, there have been many "turn-outs," and the jingling of the merry sleigh-bells falls musically on the ear as we write. "Out on the road" is now the rage, both day and evening. "G'lang."

THROWING LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.—The calcium lights that have been elevated at the Central Park Skating Pond, are very much appreciated by the young people of both sexes that have preferred to do their skating at eventide during the past week. The sport can be indulged in beneath their rays almost as well as by "the light of the moon." The "dear creatures" think it charming to be escorted by a beau, while gliding on the mirror of nature by artificial light, but it is noticable that they require considerable more assistance than when the sun is at the meridian, and of course the youths of sterner stuff have no objection. Well, let 'em slide.

A NOVELTY.—In our theatrical record will be found a notice of a remarkable marriage, which took place before a large audience in Philadelphia, on the evening of the 23d of January. The price of admission to witness the ceremony was but 25 cents each person, and the house was crowded in every part. The "happy couple" are members of the Continental Old Folks singing association, named respectively Henry E. Holloway and Hattie A. Annable. The ceremony was deeply solemn, contrary to the expectations of many, who attended to witness what they supposed would be a burlesque.

CURLING.—The Grand National Curling Match, under the management of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, between the North and South of Forth, took place on Tuesday the 31st Dec., at the Royal Club's Loch, at Carsebreck, in Perthshire, Scotland. All circumstances proved favorable. At three o'clock, when the gun gave the sound for retiring, the "state of the poll" yielded a majority for the South of 346. The North and South of Forth have played against each other six times, and the South has been the winner five times—fortune having declared for the North only in 1854.

BRIGHT.—Cheering are the signs of the times for the Union. Gloomy are the forebodings of the rebels, who see themselves getting hemmed in without a prospect of successful retreat. So with some of our rebel sympathisers. Jesse D. Bright, U. S. Senator from Indiana, is a candidate for expulsion, and several of our Senators gave him particular "Jesse" last week, when the case came up. He tried to crawl out of the difficulty, but the offence was fastened upon him too securely.

"LIKE A FLASH."—Prof. Tindall, in one of his recent lectures on light, stated that it had been proved by computation that light traveled through space at the rate of 192,000 miles in a second, and that it came to us from the sun in seven minutes and a half, while it would take a cannon ball fifteen years to perform the journey. An express train, travelling night and day would require three weeks to go round the earth—light would do it in the interval between two puffs of the engine.

TUMBLING.—We all admit that the Union forces did some clever pedestrianism at Bull Run; but the rebels soon gave evidence of their superiority in running at Hilton Head, and Beaufort; and more recently, at Drainsville they did some ground and lofty tumbling not to be sneezed at; but in Somerset exercise they have attained high rank. They turned a backward Somerset in Kentucky, the other day, which eclipses all their previous performances.

A COCKING CONTEST is on the tapis, to take place soon between New York and Troy cocks. The scene of conflict is to be at the Empire House, between the cities of Troy and Albany, situated on what is called the Troy road. Our venerable "City Fathers" may possibly visit Albany on or about the time of its taking place, on *special* business, and trifling city affairs will be laid over for want of a quorum.

BIG PEOPLE.—The members of the New York State Legislature are so favorably impressed with their own great importance, that they have actually taken upon themselves the duty of conducting the war. That is, they presume to dictate to Gen. McClellan what he ought to do. Was there ever such impudence? They may be able to attack New York city concert saloons, but they are scarcely fit to "instruct" Gen. McClellan.

FANCY SHOW BILL PRINTING.—Theatrical people, circus folks, and showmen generally in want of show bills, printed in various colors, from the small "gutter bill" to one of barn door dimensions, should call upon the Messrs. Clarry & Reilley, No. 18 Spruce street, New York, whose facilities for performing such kind of work is unsurpassed.

THE CHAMPION.—J. C. Heenan, the hero of the fistic arena, is around, looking hale and hearty, and judging from the grip he gave us the other evening, we should say that his muscle is undiminished, and that he is fully equal to the task of polishing off Mace or any other spicy Britisher that looks like him.

CURLING MATCH.—On Monday, 13th ult., a match at curling came off on Burlington Bay, near Toronto, C. W., between sixteen members of the Toronto Curling Club, and sixteen of the Ontario Curling Club, Hamilton. The match commenced at noon, and terminated at half-past four o'clock, in favor of the Toronto players by 26 shots. The ice was keen and in capital condition, and the play was good on both sides. The following is the number of shots gained by each rink, by which it will be seen that the Torontonians were ahead in all:—

Toronto Rinks—No. 1, 28; No. 2, 24; No. 3, 33; No 4, 26 Total, 112
Ontario Rinks—No. 1, 24; No. 2, 18; No. 3, 19; No. 4, 25. Total, 86
Majority in favor of Toronto, 26 shots.

On Tuesday, 14th ult., three rinks of four players each of the Toronto Club played a similar number of the Burlington Club, Hamilton, on the same ice. In this match the former Club succeeded in coming off the conqueror by six shots.

CURLING AT ST. JOHN, N. B.—A curling match was recently played there, between the married and unmarried members of the St. Andrews Royal Caledonia Club. In rink No. 1 the married won by a score of 31 to 10, and in rink No. 2 the same party won by a score of 18 to 17. The grand totals were 49 and 27, twenty-two shots in favor of the "double" men, who very nearly got the double on the single men.

SKATING.

SKATING AT THE CENTRAL PARK.—Notwithstanding that unfavorable weather that prevailed during the major part of last week, the city cars did a lively trade in transporting bipeds thither in pursuit of fun on skates under difficulties. The game was blocked altogether on Saturday, however, on account of the severe snow—hail—rain—wind—thaw—slush—mud storm that prevailed with a vengeance almost unparalleled. On Sunday a bright sky and a frosty air put the ice in condition, and thousands wended their way thither for a time on the gliding irons. The fair sex, however, were not there in such proportionately large numbers, owing to the high wind. The prospects are, we are glad to observe, more propitious for a good time this week, and it is possible that "ball up" will stay up all the week; if so, measures will be taken to bring about the skating tournament referred to by us a week or two since, for silver and other skates. One evening last week, a party of expert skaters from Utica, N. Y., were on the pond, and sang the following appropriate refrain to the tune of "Dixie:"

SONG FOR SKATERS.

Come girls and boys, come young and old,
Fair the sky—the air is cold,
Away, away, away, away.
The crystal ponds with beauty beam,
The frost has mirror'd lake and stream.
CHORUS—Away, away, away, away,
We all will go a skating,
A skating, skating,
The skater's song we all can sing,
With merry notes the air shall ring,
Away, away, away we'll go a skating.
Away, away, &c.

Don the furs and mittens warm,
Healthy air will never harm.
Away, away, away, away.
Exercise will give you health—
Richer far than sordid pelf.
Away, away, &c.

Oh! listen to the joyous noise,
Oldest men again are boys.
Away, away, away, away.
Matrons of the silver hair
Never looked so fresh and fair.
Away, away, &c.

Swiftly on the winged steel,
Hear the happy voices peal.
Away, away, &c.
Rosy lassies, laddies gay,
Sweetly pass the time away.
Away, away, &c.

The Queen of Night is shining bright,
And softly sheds her silver light.
Away, away, away, away.
Merry hearts and beaming eyes,
Moonlight nights and starry skies.

THE BROOKLYN CLUBS.

There are two skating c'ubs in Brooklyn, whose affairs have been so well managed, and their ponds kept in such excellent condition through the season, as to warrant us in calling particular attention to the energy and enterprise that has been displayed by the directors thereof, in providing such first-class facilities as they have done, for the full enjoyment of the now fashionable winter amusement. We allude to the Washington Club of South Brooklyn, and the Union Skating Association of East Brooklyn.

The Washington Club pond is the largest enclosed ground. It is located on 5th Avenue between 4th and 6th streets. The facilities for reaching it are greater than that of any other locality, as the 5th Avenue cars pass the entrance way, and as the route of this company's cars begins at Fulton Ferry and passes Wall street and South Ferries, it is very convenient for those visiting the pond direct from their places of business. The club house proper is the old building known as Washington's Headquarters, and it was erected in 1699; but there is a club building on the margin of the pond, which contains three large rooms, a private one for ladies exclusively; one for both sexes, in which refreshments are kept for sale, and a gentlemen's room, also containing a refreshment department. No ardent spirits are sold, however. In front of this building there is a large platform, on which there is always a crowd of lookers-on. On the pond there are a dozen or more moveable seats for skaters to rest on occasionally; and around the pond are posts on which the lamps, by which the pond is nightly illuminated, are placed, the scene at night being lively and picturesque in the extreme. The members of the club—one thousand in number—are composed of the most respectable citizens of the southern district of the city. The pond is supplied with water from a constantly flowing spring, a culvert having been made to allow the surplus water to run off. It is now flooded to its full extent, and its greatest depth is about five or six feet, the average being something less than two feet. The grading of one of the adjoining avenues has been a source of considerable annoyance to the directors, as at first the dust flew on the pond, and covered a large portion, so as to entirely unfit it for use; but nightly flooding, and the recent rains, have entirely obviated the difficulty, and now no further trouble is experienced. The club employs a superintendent, at a salary of $65 a month, who has charge of the pond; besides which there are a stated number of laborers always on hand, in readiness for emergencies such as arise from sudden thaws or snow storms. The club has experienced numberless obstacles to the attainment of the object in view, but with commendable energy has overcome them all; and the immense crowd of gratified persons of both sexes—the ladies largely predominating—that were in attendance on Friday, Jan. 24th, on which occasion a band of music was added to the attractions, bear testimony to the successful result of their undertaking. Tickets of membership are $3,00 each, but all being sold, the only way of gaining admission to the pond is by being introduced by a member to one of the Vice Presidents, who courteously grants every reasonable request of the kind.

THE UNION ASSOCIATION POND is located on Marcy Avenue and Rutledge street, midway between Flushing Avenue on the south and Division Avenue on the north, in the eastern district. It is enclosed by a high board fence, which is preferable to the picket fence that surrounds the Washington pond. It is 600 feet long by over 300 feet broad, and covers a space of ground of about five or six acres in extent. The water was let on from the hydrants of the Ridgewood Water Co., and was only allowed to flow until a depth was attained sufficient to admit of a good surface of ice, and it is therefore nowhere over three feet and some inches in depth. The ice has been, until the recent storm, of a uniform thickness of a foot, and sufficiently strong to bear all that crowded upon it. Indeed, horses were used with the snow plows, on the occasion of clearing off the snow of the first storm. At the entrance way, and on the margin of the pond, there is a building about 140 feet in length, which contains seven apartments, devoted to the following uses: The first—on the right of the entrance—is set apart for lady visitors who do not skate; the second is the office of the president and his clerk; the third is the depository of the lamps, etc., for illuminating the pond, the lights being the very best in use. The fourth room is the refreshment saloon, which is well supplied at moderate prices. For instance, an oyster stew costs fifteen cents, a clam chowder twelve, a cup of coffee, sandwich, piece of pie or cake, and a glass of lager, six cents each. Adjoining this is the "cloak room," or place of deposit for coats, skates, &c., this place and the refreshment saloon being in charge of Mr. Stewart, a stalwart, good-looking youth, well known to those who travel on the Island, who holds himself responsible for the articles left in his charge. The fee is five cents for the temporary care of clothing or skates, but there are boxes for rent held for private use. The sixth room is the ladies private apartment, containing every convenience, both this and the refreshment room being well heated by stoves. The seventh room is the skate department of Mr. Chichester, who keeps a large assortment of skates on hand for sale and hire, also some choice skating caps. The fee for an hour's use of a pair of skates is ten cents only, and Mr. C. has sleigh chairs and "skater's assistants," in the form of frameworks, designed for the use of beginners, which are hired out at fifteen and twenty cents an hour. In the N. E. corners of the pond are the snow plows, cane brooms, ice-planer, &c., required to keep the ice in order. Indeed the arrangements made to furnish the members with good skating, and make the pond a desirable winter resort for families who are admirers of the sport and exercise of skating, are excellent in every way. A band of music has been present on every skating day since the pond was opened. Friday, the 24th of January was the 26th day's skating that has been had on this pond, exclusive of Sundays, when it is closed. The class of visitors to the Union pond are among the best the society of the Eastern District affords. Between four and five hundred tickets have been sold, the charge for the same being five dollars. Recently, however, on account of the advanced state of the season, the price of a season ticket has been lowered to $3,00, and members are now also allowed the privilege of introducing one friend, by the payment of twenty-five cents each time of admission. Whenever there is skating to be had on the above ponds, a white flag with a red ball is displayed at the South Seventh street Ferry, E. D., Fulton and South Ferries; and the cars have card notices in their windows as a general thing. The Union Pond is reached by means of the Greenpoint cars, and the Flushing Avenue cars from Fulton Ferry. In taking the former way, getting out at the intersection of Kent and Classon Avenues, the red ball, if up, is before you; and if the latter route be taken, you get out at Marcy Avenue, and then you have but three blocks to walk.

On Thurday night, a short time previous to the time for closing the pond, the whole company present, headed by the band, marched round the pond, and finished up with nine rousing cheers for the Union. This will be the closing ceremony every fine evening in future.

A feature of these ponds is a large attendance of the fair sex. A short time ago, the now popular sport of skating, if indulged in by the ladies, would have been scoffed at, and the lady indulging in the masculine sport would have been hooted at as a "Tom-boy."

To the CLIPPER belongs a large portion of the credit of the reform that has taken place, from its persevering and continued efforts in advocating the cause of physical recreation for the people, of both sexes. It is now reaping its reward.

SKATING AT UTICA, N. Y.—Skating carnivals seem to have been the order of the evening last week, and to be equal with the times, the people of Utica, N. Y., had one, which was brilliantly conducted to the end, some 1,500 persons being on hand to take part in the sport. Fireworks were let off in quantity, and Roman candles were given out to the skating army, and simultaneously, all over the enclosure, there curved in every conceivable direction, lines of brilliant light, and popping, as if all the champagne in Christendom was being cracked. At this time, the scene was truly magnificent. The whole pond was illuminated as with effulgence of noonday, and the dense throng of people outside the park stood out in bold relief. The railroad, the fences, and the embankment were completely packed with tickled spectators. The sport lasted until a late hour.

SKATING AT ALBANY, N. Y.—A grand time was experienced at Albany, on the evening of the 29th ult, at the carnival of the Van Rensselaer Skating Park, some eight hundred skaters, besides spectators, being present. The arena was brilliantly illuminated with colored lamps, and fireworks added to the attraction.

SKATING AT TROY, N. Y.—On the evening of the 30th ult, a carnival took place at Troy, which was quite successful. The directors made arrangements for the gratification and enjoyment of all who attended. Ample accommodation for reaching the park was provided, and the spacious grounds, illuminated brilliantly, formed a miniature representation of fairy land. The weather was fine, the ice good, and the party pleasant.

A CHANTICLEER CONTROVERSY.

ALBANY vs. TROY.

Cock fighting is contrary to law, and those who take an interest in the thoroughbreds of the feathered creation have to keep their movements very quiet, in order to prevent the blues from spoiling sport. There are several cock pits in this city and Brooklyn, but their location is known to but very few persons "outside of the ring." Mains are frequently fought, but the parties interested are averse to having them made public, and this is why so few reports appear in our columns. There are pits, also, in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, etc., most of them being in some out of the way situation, down a cellar, up two or three pairs of stairs, in a stable, or some such place where the police never think of looking. Into these places, it requires influence as well as money before you can be admitted, for cockers are very shy of the blue tailed flies, and generally know their man before giving the order, "Open Sesame." A fight between a couple of good game cocks is a very exciting affair, and more interesting than many persons would imagine. The game cock is a fighter by nature, and when he is "trimmed," and equipped with sharp and shining steel spurs, he is an object of peculiar interest to the fancier. "He scents the battle afar off," and it is with difficulty that he can be restrained from making an attack the moment he gets sight of his foe. See how fiercely they eye each other as the two combatants are held in hand; and when let go, see with what rapidity they strike, and sometimes with fatal effect at the first onset. Now and then, State Mains are fought—State against State—and these are generally of an important character, and for heavy stakes; thousands of dollars changing hands on single battles, and on the main. Mains are often fought between city and city. On the evening of Monday, 20th ult., one of the latter, on which a very large amount of money was invested, was fought at Troy, N. Y., the feathered gladiators fighting under the colors of that city and the neighboring borough of Albany. That the authorities should not get wind of the affair and try to stop it, great circumspection was used in the preliminary proceedings, and it was only the privileged that were kept fully posted as to the when and where. The right men from the right places, those who had money to lose, and that almost invariably "have to pay when they bet" got the word, however, and at the appointed time and place, 9 P. M., at Paul Kavanagh's hostelrie on Congress street, by shelling out their dollar, got a *carte de visite* to "admit the bearer to the controversy." New York, Detroit, Chicago, Brooklyn, and other cities were well represented by the following notable personages: Morrissey, Dad Cunningham, T. J. Barrow, E Simmons, Micky Pratt, J. Davidson, J. Lawless, Levi Smith, Wally Patrick, John Lawrence, Terry, G. Capron, Bray & Co. The terms of the encounter, we were informed, were $50 on each battle and $500 on the odd fight, and eleven battles were fought at these rates. Pretty punctual to the time announced, the first set-to took place between two fowls of 5 lbs 2 oz in weight. The Troy cock was heavily backed by Morrissey, and at absurd odds, which indicated that there was a sure thing arrangement somewhere, but the opposition "didn't see it." This contest, however, fell to the lot of the Albany party, and Morrissey & Co. were "out." This was more than made amends for by the subsequent "turn-up," however, as may be seen by a glance at the following table:—

Battle.	*Weight.*	*Won by.*	*Battle.*	*Weight.*	*Won by.*
1st	5 lbs. 2 oz.	Albany.	7th	5 lbs. 10 oz.	Troy.
2d	4 " 15 "	"	8th	5 " 10 "	"
3d	4 " 12 "	Troy.	9th	5 " 5 "	"
4th	5 " 3 "	"	10th	4 " 13 "	"
5th	4 " 12 "	Albany.	11th	4 " 9 "	"
6th	4 " 14 "	Troy.	12th	4 " 11 "	"

The first fight, on which Morrissey bet $100 to $8, was a prolonged one, and considerable bantering ensued between him, Capron and Barron. The second was brief in duration, owing to the Troy bird having its leg broken. The third was also brief, the Albany cock dying game. The fourth, notwithstanding the Albany champion had the advantage, fell to the opposition, through the former getting up a parallel to Bull Run just as it was on the point of gaining the victory. The fifth was well contested, and proved the best of the main, although the Albany cock beat a retreat just at its close. The sixth was much in favor of Troy from its commencement. The seventh and eighth were of the same character as the former, and in the remainder but little interest was taken, compared with the former, owing to the fowls being of lesser weight, and morning's dawn being close at hand.

Thus it will be seen that notwithstanding the apparent advantage gained at the start by the Albany "walk" that only by way of encouragement were they permitted to win one or two more battles, and Troy came off more than conquerers by nine out of thirteen encounters. Some thousands of dollars changed hands, of which Morrissey, the successful backer of the Trojans, is said to have pocketed in the neighborhood of two thousand. The Albanians, who had made up their minds for a victory, left the scene of conflict at an early hour the next morning, not a little chagrined, minus the above amount, but, we suspect, with their experience in things mundane much enlarged. Thus ended this fowl proceeding, after a deal of "fuss and feathers," fight talk, laughing and chaffing, greatly to the discomfiture of the seat of legislation—the seige of Troy this time proving a failure.

There was a good deal of betting, and considerable feeling was manifested on both sides, and which frequently found vent in the most uproarious noise, at times nearly leading to blows. The main occupied between nine and ten hours in its settlement, it being six o'clock on the morning of the 21st when the last fight was decided.

* In these three battles, the Albany representative was one ounce lighter.

BOSTON UNION CLUB COCKING RULES.

As this is the season when "roosters" most do congregate for the purpose of testing their strength and prowess in regular pitched battles, fully armed and equipped, we here publish, for the benefit of the cocking fraternity, the rules and regulations of the Boston, Mass., Union Club, which are very scarce, it being with great difficulty that we could procure a copy:—

Art. 1. All fowls brought to the pit must be weighed and marked down, for those to see that have fowls to fight.

2. Fowls within two ounces are a match.

3. A stag is allowed four ounces when he fights against a cock.

4. A blinker is allowed four ounces when he fights against a sound fowl.

5. Fowls being ready, brought to the pit.

6. Each man takes his station, and sets his fowl to the right or left, as he pleases, there remains till the fowls are in one another, or in the tan, or on his back.

7. The handler shall not assist his fowl from where he sets him, if he does, he forfeits the battle.

8. In no case shall they handle the fowls, unless they are in one another, or can count ten between fighting.

9. The fowls in hand, each man to his station; either counting ten, the fowls must be set, or the delinquent loses the match.

10. The fowls set, either refuses to show fight, the last that showed has the count, which is five times ten, and then they are breasted.

11. The fowls are breasted at every five times ten, after once being breasted.

12. The fowls brought to the breast, the one that had the count, counts five times ten more, and then twenty—then he claims the battle, which is his.

13. In case the fowls show while counting, it destroys the count, and they commence again.

14. In case a fowl is on his back, his handler can turn him over.

15. In all cases the parties can select judges from the company present.

16. In case the parties can't agree on the judge and referee, it will be left to the association to choose them.

17. In no case shall any person talk with the handlers while the fowls are fighting.

18. All disorderly persons will be requested to leave IMMEDIATELY.

19. All weighing will be left to a man selected for the purpose.

20. All matches will be fought with round heels, unless otherwise agreed upon.

21. A man known to use any other, unless agreed upon, forfeits the battle.

22. All cutters, slashers, and twisted heels are barred from this pit.

23. In all cases, the last fowl that shows fight, has the count.

24. All fowls brought to the pit that do not show fight, do not loose the battle, unless otherwise agreed upon.

BILL HALL AND PHIL SAMPSON'S FIGHT.

DEAR FRANK: I was much interested in the account of this extraordinary battle which appeared in the CLIPPER of December 7, and came to hand at Birmingham, December 24th. From individuals who knew William, or Billy Hall, in this town, his native place, I have been able to learn a little more of his history. He was born about the year 1800, and made his *debut* with Philip Sampson, July 23, 1822, as recorded in your paper; beaten by Ned Neale, 32 min., 26 rounds, Nov. 19, 1822; beat Jem Wynnes, 76 min., 58 rounds, Feb. 4, 1823; beat Quilts, 23 min., 17 rounds, Sept. 23, 1823; beaten by Neptune in 3 rounds, Nov 9, 1823, which was that hero's only fight; beaten by Baylis in 7 rounds, Dec 9, 1823; beat Astle, £100 a side, 13 rounds, 28 min., Aug. 9, 1825—no other fight is recorded of Astle; beaten by Dick Davis, 18 rounds, April 17, 1827. Bill Hall fought two other battles with Philip Sampson, one March 19, 1823, lasting only two rounds—the other, for £100 a side, Nov. 22, 1825, when he was vanquished in one round and five minutes, thus getting two beatings in three rounds from the man over whom he had gained a victory in 99 minutes and 94 rounds! It will be seen Bill Hall, or "Fiddler," as he was called, could never be rated very high, and his first affair with Sampson looks a great deal like a "barney." Through the slogging he received at various times, one part of his head had become separated from another part, and he was obliged to wear a silver plate between the skull and brain from his last fight till his death, which took place about ten years ago in Birmingham. He was engaged for many years as a publican in Wooster street, but sold out and was appointed constable and detective of the borough, which he filled with credit to the town, but proved "a terror to evil-doers." He went about in all kinds of disguises to catch rogues, a la Tieman and Keefe with you, until every thief in town had been "pulled," when his little game was stopped, as they all knew Fiddler Hall by his size and "mug." Two others were associated with him (one named Sillick), and when the three giants started out in company, they never came back without breaking up some gang of burglars or counterfeiters, and scattering them like sheep. Though held in dread by vagabonds of every stripe, in private life Mr. Hall bore an excellent character, and died respected by thousands of his fellow townsmen. Philip Sampson is still living, and keeps a public house in Liverpool, as does also Jack Langan's son, who fought Bendigo. Knowing these little items will be perused with interest by your readers, I take great pleasure in producing them for the first time in print for the especial benefit of your hosts of readers. EDWIN JAMES.

Birmingham, Eng., Dec. 31st, 1861.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, by all means. 32-tf

JOHNNY LAZARUS AND BILLY DONNELLY.—These brilliant light weight stars in the boxing firmament have agreed to call it a draw, in reference to the contemplated battle between them, and both have raked their respective piles that had been put up as a forfeit. This step was deemed advisable on account of the increased vigilance of the "mens mit clubs," the boys having no idea of clubs turning up trumps when playing a game of four-o-fives on the "who is best man?" principle. The police are in a surly mood just now because of their ill success in attempting to prevent one or two little affairs from coming off, recently, hence their unwonted activity. We could suggest a much more profitable direction for their labors, that is, to their employers—the public—but that wouldn't suit their purpose, as they are very tenacious of what they term their rights, namely, "knocking down" in both senses of the term, and will not allow the boxers to indulge in a little game of knock down, in its most honest and honorable acceptation. The bantams above alluded to, have not given up all idea of a meet, however, so that those fond of a mill need not despair of witnessing a scientific set-to between them in the course of time. In the meantime let "patience" be the word.

OFF AND ON.—While prudence has suggested that the LAZARUS and Donnelly affair be considered "off," the pugs of Chicago have got an event "on" it is said, to take place soon between McGlade and Bandigo, whose battle on December 30, 1861 was duly recorded in the CLIPPER. The stake at issue is reported as being as high as $1200. This snug little sum, in addition to the glory accruing from a victory, will be an incentive to the men to do their best, and bar accident or that bug-bear "police interference" a smart battle may be expected.

A MILL IN CAMP.—A dashing little encounter, according to the rules of the P. R., came off on the morning of the 18th ult, at Hunter's Chapel, Va., between Young Franks, of the 41st N. Y. Volunteers, and Bill Roberts of the 73d Pa. Volunteers, for $25 a side. Roberts won the first event, drawing blood from his opponent in the second round, but lost the fight, Franks defeating him in 19 rounds, in 57 minutes.

EDWIN JAMES VS. BOB BRETTLE.—DEAR FRANK: In advising your readers to take the odds, if very steep, in Brettle and Rooke's fight, it must not be inferred that I meant to reflect any thing against the gallant Bob Brettle, to whom I have been indebted for many items of interest to your readers, and other little courtesies of social life. In his battle with Tom Sayers, when he had the misfortune to seriously injure his arm, many skillful physicians prognosticated that it would be a long time in getting sound again, and on this ground hundreds in my hearing said that arm wouldn't stand him in a severe contest, but in the above named fight it will be seen that he exhibited no signs of his former accident. I mentioned to him the fact that in the States, the general impression prevailed that he was getting old and stale from the numerous trainings and fights he had gone through, to which Bob replied he would prove in this, his last appearance, that it was a very erroneous impression, and nobly has he done so. I first heard the news by a telegraphic despatch to the "Tipton Slasher's" public house at Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, where I was on a visit. Mr. Ward, the gentleman who made the bet of £300 with Brettle on the result of the late contest, belongs to Wolverhampton. Rooke is said to have miserable arms and legs as to size and muscle, but, all things considered, he proved anything but a "muff." In the very severe winter a few years ago, Bob Brettle got up a benefit at the Moor street theatre, Birmingham, for the unemployed, and handed over every penny to the proper committee, for distribution among the distressed. He also started his father in business, and his generosity is proverbial throughout both England and Scotland. Bob Brettle successfully brought out Bodger Crutchley, Joe Nolan, and Bill Ryall—all first rate men. He was formerly a glass-blower, and a clever workman; at an early day I will forward a sketch of this popular man, in which several incidents will be given that have never appeared in print. Yours very truly, EDWIN JAMES.

Birmingham, Jan. 1, 1862.

TO "TOM QUICK."—Having read and re-read your "Recollections" with pleasure, I regret that none of the young sports are able to place you, but if you could only take a trip to the "old sports" of England, there's a heap of subject-matter here to write about. In my short experience I have "smiled" and had a clinch (of the hand) with Tom Sayers, Jem Mace, Nat Langham, Alec Keene, Bob Travers, Owen Swift, Jem Burn, Jem Ward, Joe Rowe, Alec Reed, Jemmy Welsh, Peter Crawley, Billy Shaw, Charley Lynch, Harry Brunton, Bob Brettle, Hammer Lane, Bill Ryall, Young Broome, Billy Duncan, etc; been invited to dine with Harry Broome, Jem Pudney, and the Tipton Slasher, not forgetting G. F. Train, Esq.; and among other letters of correspondence hold one from Richard Cobden, Esq. Not bad for a little over one month's residence here.

Handsworth, Eng., Jan. 2, 1862. SEMAJ NIWDR.

DEERFOOT AND THE CAMBRIDGE DONS.—The publication in the papers of the fact that, on Sunday evening, Dec. 8th, Deerfoot, the Seneca Indian, was invited to dine in the Hall of Trinity College, seems to have produced some stir, and the Rev. W. J. Beamont has felt it incumbent upon him to publish a letter, in which he observes:—"Deerfoot was my guest, and was introduced on my sole responsibility, without the knowledge, and, as I have since learned, against the wish of the Fellows. With the question between the College and myself I do not think the public are concerned; but, on my own behalf I wish to make known the reasons subjoined:—1. Deerfoot was represented to me as a religious man. In confirmation of this, I may mention that he was at church in the morning, and King's Chapel in the afternoon, and that he is in constant communication with the missionaries who instructed him in his own country. 2. He is a stranger in a foreign land. Having experienced the value of sympathy myself when far away from home and friends, I felt that it was a Christian act to show kindness to one in similar circumstances. 3. He has attained considerable distinction in the line which he has taken, and is to my mind worthy of commendation. Whoever excells his fellow-men, even in any accomplishment, either in body or of mind, provided that the exercise of it is not wrong or wicked, is, in my opinion, deserving of a certain degree of admiration. 4. I believe we should do better if we associated more with persons in a different rank in life, whose character is good, and less with those of the same rank, whose character is notoriously bad. Unless I heard more to the disparagement of Deerfoot's character than I ever have heard, I should not shrink from asking him to my own rooms. I may state, in conclusion, that I never spoke to Deerfoot before last Sunday, and, very probably, may never speak to him again."

OUR GAME BAG.

A DUTCH YANKEE.—Old Adam C., a resident of the original German Flats, had a queer habit of making *correct* mistakes. When about to sell rather an antiquated horse, he was interrogated as to the age of the beast. "Vell, he replies, "I guess about nine *over* ten." In a short time the purchaser discovered the fraud, returned with the animal, and said:—"Mr. C., what made you cheat me in selling this horse? Didn't you tell me he was nine or ten? and here he is twenty!" "No, no; I sheats nobody. I say she is nine *over* ten; and she is all of dat." At another time, when selling a balky horse, he was asked if the horse was true pull, and good to drive. Old Adam says:—"I tells you, in de morning; you gets your wagon out, and puts de harness on de horse good; hitch him 'fore de wagon good; take up the lines and vip, and tell him to go. I tells you he is right dair every time." The buyer departed satisfied; but after following directions he found him "right dair every time," and no amount of persuasion could induce him to change his position. Buyer of course returns the horse; but Old Adam "sheats nobody. He told him shust as it was." Having a quantity of wood that had been exposed to the weather till it had become spoiled, he wished to dispose of it. Taking a load to market, customer inquires: "Is it good wood? Will it split good?" "Shplit? Yaw, shplit like a *candle*" Any one who has split candles can judge how the wood split. The next time Old Adam came to market he was reproached for selling rotten wood; but "Old Adam sheats nobody; he tells them shust as it was."

A CIRCUS MUSS.—"Did the defendant knock down the plaintiff with malice *prepense*?" "No, sir, he knocked him down with a flat iron." "You misunderstand me friend, I want to know whether he attacked him with evil intent." "Oh, no, sir—it was outside of the tent." "Now, sir, I wish you to tell me if the attack was at all a preconcerted affair." "No, sir—it was not a free concert of fair, it was a circus."

LO! THE POOR INDIAN.—There are others beside Indians to be commiserated. It was feared at one time that the rebels would gather all the red men of the territories under their flag. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who returned to Washington recently, holds out, however, a more promising prospect. From his report we learn what we had already more than half believed, viz., that the Confederate army has Navy a Red.

UNHEALTHY FISH.—"Doctor, that ere rat's-bane of yourn is fast rate," said a Yankee to a village apothecary. "Know'd it! knowed it!" said the pleased vender o' drugs. "Don't keep nothing but first-rate doctor's stuff." And doctor," said the joker coolly, "I want to buy another pound." "Another pound?" "Yes, sir, I gin that pound I bought the other day to a nibbling mouse, and it made him dreadful sick, and I am sure another pound would kill him."

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 325.

On Jan. 3, a frightful accident, attended with loss of life, occurred in St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre, London, Eng. The building had been engaged for the purpose of giving a series of concerts by the Rumsey and Newcomb's Minstrels, from the United States, was in course of decoration for the performance, and three large sunlight chandeliers were in process of being fitted by the men in the employ of Messrs. Defries. In order to fix the chandeliers, it became necessary to erect a hanging scaffold, which hung about ten feet from the roof, which is forty feet from the ground, and on that afternoon seven men were engaged securing the large centre tube, which acts as a kind of chimney to the chandelier. About half-past three, without the slightest warning, the lower scaffold poles, across which some boards had been placed to form a temporary flooring, gave way, and six of the men were precipitated to the ground, a large portion of the scaffolding falling on them. They were immediately taken to King's College Hospital, where one, named Wood, soon after expired, and the other cases are serious.

Miss Mary Shaw made her first appearance at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, as the Princess Balrabadour, in the spectacle of "Aladdin," on Monday, Jan. 20th.

Mrs. Matt Peel's Minstrels opened at St. James' Hall, Buffalo, on Saturday evening, Jan 18th, for a season of four weeks.

From the Baton Rouge (La) *Advertiser* we extract the following, in relation to theatricals there:—"Confederate Theatre, (late Academy Hall) G. A. Pratt, manager. The manager most respectfully announces to the citizens of this place that he has fitted up the above place in superior style, and will open on Saturday, Jan. 11, 1862, with a most excellent company, carefully selected from the New Orleans theatres. Benefit of the free market. List of company: Mr. John Davis, formerly of the Varieties, late of the Academy of Music, New Orleans; Messrs. J. R. Terry, J. McClosky, C. Cheevers, F. Thompson, J. Pannel, and G. A. Pratt; Misses Emma Forrest and L. Creed; Mrs John Davis and La Petite Julia; Master Tom Davis. For particulars, see bills of the day."

We call the attention of parties interested, to Messrs. Chaddock & Cadwell's advertisement in these columns, in reference to their wanting talent for their Music Hall, Milwaukee, Wis. Daughters of Terpsichore will also take notice.

Allen's Tableau Troupe gave a performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at Windsor, Vt., on the 22d ult., with great success.

Miss Kate Fisher opens this (Monday) evening, Jan. 27th, at Syracuse, in "The French Spy," and "Our Gal." Her engagement there is for one week.

Those of the minstrel and theatrical profession who are, or at any time may be, in want of wigs, will do well to make a note of Wooster's advertisement in these columns.

The little town of Ilion, N. Y., is said to be a desirable spot for travelling companies to make a short stay at. They have a very nice hall there, we are informed, well lighted, etc. Will parties interested stick a pin here?

The annual meeting of the "Boston Museum Dramatic Fund Association" took place at the Museum on the 18th inst., when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, J. Wilson, Jr.; Vice President, T. Comer; Trustees, Moses Kimball, J. A. Johnson, Thomas Comer, J. E Marden, and J Rametti. Recording Secretary, Wm. Marden; Corresponding Secretary, W. H. Curtis; Treasurer, G. W. Blatchford; Medical Examiner, Dr. Winslow Lewis. Committee of Relief, John E. Marden, Susan Mason Remick, Joseph Rametti.

Whatever else may be said of the various "Campbell Minstrels" at present performing, no doubt need exist that they all claim an immense amount of "originality" for their organization. Parmeley's Hall, Peoria, Ill., gave another example on the 16th Jan., when opening out with a new set of toned up Campbells. Sam Price and Al. Brundage are the end men, J. H. Goodhue being stage manager, with C. D Abbott leading the music. We understand that the air of Peoria seems to agree with the party.

The Four Antonio Brothers, having lost two of their number by deliberate matrimony, seem to be honorably winding up their business in St Louis. After twenty-eight years of fraternal activity, we suppose that the public will not be so selfish as to oppose the wishes of those very talented performers. With their father, (Il Diavolo Antonio) they performed at the old Park, and at Niblo's Garden, in 1835. They also introduced the Risley business of the four brother acrobat acts. We believe their last performance in New York was at Col. Mann's Old Washington Circus, during our World's Fair. If we must lose the Antonios, let our loss be their gain.

Tom Thumb has no idea of hiding his diminished head, but will visit Peoria, Ill., for the first three business days of February. Rouse's Hall has been engaged, and a rousing time, with a rousing peroration from the Little General, may be expected.

Among the recent additions engaged by Manager Sanford for his new opera house at Harrisburgh, Pa., is George C. Dobson, the banjoist, of New York.

Professor J. M. Searl is running the magician "mashees" bravely. He winds up January with demonstrations at Dubuque, Iowa; Dixon, Illinois, and opens out February at Davenport, Iowa, on the 2d.

A recently arrived "Variety and Concert Troupe," at Cleveland, Ohio, are charged with a variety of small potato meannesses which do not seem to concert well with the people of Cleveland. The same party left a similar reputation in Pittsburgh. How is that?

Chadduck's New Music Hall, in Milwaukee, Wis., is now in the fourth week of success. Frank Howard is stage manager.

All our political troubles cannot dim the Drama's glory in Washington. Managers Humphrey, Bland, Blauverhassett, and H. Russell, look out for that. A military friend, who witnessed "The Marble Heart," on the 25th Jan., speaks of the performance in the highest terms. Susan Denin was around.

The Aztec Children returned from Havana in the steamer Columbia, at the same time as Gottschalk, Maretzek, etc., to New York.

Professor Anderson, with Miss Anderson and Miss Flora, gave "Rob Roy" for "one night only," while recently passing through Milwaukee.

John W. Whiston, the humorist, droll erist, and comic lecturer, gave two of his chaste and elegant entertainments at Follett's Hall, Ypsilanti, Mich., on the 22d and 23d ult., before two of the most respectable audiences, both as regards numbers and intelligence, that has been gathered in that town since the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." Upon this occasion Mr. Whiston sustained some fifteen characters each evening. He is accompanied by Mr. Charles MacEvoy, pianist and violinist, and Nicholas Goodall, violinist. They performed at Ann Arbor, Mich., on the 27th and the 28th ults.

The present widow of Mr. H. A. Perry, recently married to him in California, was Miss Agnes Loud.

That new party of Campbells, out at Peoria, Ill., are said to be gaining favor and gradually adding to their numbers.

Among the benefits at the Boston Museum this week are those of Geo. W. Blatchford, treasurer; Wm. A. Wood, ballet master; and Wm. Warren—how shall we describe Wm. Warren! Well, no matter; all three are good and faithful public servants.

HOME AGAIN.—Mr. J. H. Hart, a member of the Jefferson Dramatic Club of this city, and serving as a private in the New York 38th Volunteer Regiment, Scott Life Guards, after a long confinement at Richmond, reached home last week, much to the agreeable astonishment of his friends and relatives, who mourned him as dead. Mr Hart informs us that he fell at the close of the action at Bull Run, being severely wounded on the temple, the ball carrying away a portion of his left ear. His comrades supposing the shot fatal, he was left for dead when the retreat took place. For two days Mr. Hart lingered on the field, too weak to assist himself, and on being discovered by two secesh sons of guns, they inhumanly refused him water. A third one passing, administered to him a little brandy, and cared for him the best he could under the circumstances. Mr. Hart rejoins his regiment on the 15th inst. We wish him better luck next time.

THE BURTON DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION gave an entertainment at Dramatic Hall on the 15th ult., which proved quite a jolly affair. A young lady, named Miss Rose Bonner, made her *debut* in "The First Night," and with success.

AMATEURS IN BINGHAMPTON, N. Y.—An association of dramatic students, organised at Binghampton, N. Y., gave their initial entertainment at that place on Dec. 27, 1860, the first performance being "Love's Sacrifice." The company is represented as a strong one.

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42-1t* G. GRAHAM, No. 199 Nassau street, N. Y.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1862

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

SKETCHES OF LONDON.

LONDON LIFE AND LONDON SPORTSMEN.

BY NED JAMES,

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER FOUR.

CONTINUED.

In Shoreditch is situated the Eastern Railway station, and as there appeared numbers entering the gates, I followed in their wake, when my inquisitiveness discovered that it was from here the "racing cracks" were conveyed to Newmarket by rail. Monday being appointed for one of the numerous meetings, they were congregated in droves waiting for transportation. A few of the racers were devoid of covering, and those few devoid of interest, but the majority had blankets and rugs all over them except the eyes, mouth, and nostrils, to prevent the horse-sharps from too minute an examination, as well as to preserve their "form" till the proper time for showing. The jockeys seemed mere puppets in comparison with the horses, possessing old-fashioned ways, however, that anybody could see; they all wore "old heads on young shoulders," expressive of having done more than nature would put up with in their training. In all the number no two appeared acquainted, or if they were, didn't show it in presence of the numerous turf swells who were continually arriving in cabs, hansoms, etc., with a fair sprinkling of the titled nobility, (if I judge rightly by the crest painted neatly on the carriage doors). Most of the turf backers came prepared for a week's journey, by the numerous leather trunks every vehicle contained; and to give prestige to the scene, several handsome females gaily tripped from the family-carriage into the First Class Railway Parlor. Although I knew nobody amongst either turfmen or jockeys, the scene interested me equally with those who knew them all, and rather than show my verdancy in horse-talk, I performed the part of a "man of few words." Waiting for an hour or two in this way, created an appetite, but where to go or how to satisfy the "internal murmurs" was a poser. There were none of your oyster saloons or restaurants on every block, nor a dozen first class cheap, and clean dining rooms as the Crooks', Ferris', Spencer's, Waterman's, "Synagogue," Rainbow, etc., nor even the Dutch concerns with their "mitigash" for 15 cents, or "as much as you can cram," for on this principle I always supposed that was what mitigash meant. I was even compelled to walk over a mile ere any thing turned up in the eating line; up one street and down another, until seeing a genteel-looking house with "dining rooms" over the door, I knocked loudly for admission; a "sanguinary" looking female came and unbolted top and bottom, then unlocked the door in somewhat of a rage; she pointed to a seat and vanished after refastening the door. I sat for a few minutes, and then rapped angrily with my wolf's head ring; the maid again entered more fiery than ever; "beefsteak, well done!" says I. "You'll 'ave to wait a bit, gaffer, it aren't gone 'one' yet," says she; and furthermore stated it wouldn't be ready at one, but she hinted at beefsteak puddings as the quickest got ready. "Beefsteak pudding let it be, then." In about ten minutes more the clock struck, and on the minute "the girl with the auburn hair" strode in with a ball of dough the size of a cocoanut. "Any bread, marster?" "Ah." "Any potatoes?" "Ah." "Any butter?" "Ah." "Any hale?" "Ah." "Any brocoli?" I didn't say "Ah" to this until getting information as to what brocoli was, when I guessed" there was quite enough without "brockey." Other cormorants now began to come in for their rations, and out of eight persons, only two missed calling for beefsteak puddings. What great attraction they possess has always remained a mystery, for they contained nothing but a little suet and grizzly beef. I think in all it cost me half a crown, but no doubt it was "all right" on their side of the house. On again entering the road, all the gin palaces were in full blast, and having a curiosity to know the reason, by making inquiries of the first publican-and-sinner at the cost of a "pot o' stout," I learned that from daylight till ten o'clock the liquor stores and eating-houses are open; from 10 to 1, closed; from 1 to 3, open; from 3 to 5, closed; and from 6 until 11, open again; they are thus closed during morning and afternoon service. Such being the case, I undertook to find Spurgeon, the Barnum of the Pulpit, as he is called; he could be found in the Borough, and as a Borough stage passed near by, I climbed on top, telling the man behind to drop me down opposite Spurgeon's, which he did. After waiting around for an hour or more, a policeman informed me the "lion" couldn't be seen; he didn't "hold forth" only morning and evening. Just my luck! but having made an express journey to get a glimpse of the theatrical parson, I sauntered around the neighborhood till five o'clock, when a tempting public-house, the Elephant and Castle, across the way, seemed to invite my company; in there over a mug of stout and *Bell's Life*, I waited until the time for vespers. Towards six o'clock droves of Spurgeonites kept coming and coming until the church-yard, sidewalk, and street was fairly blockaded—a great number being unprotected females. Seeing nobody "approachable" in all this motley assembly, I entered into a confab with one of the "gentlemen in blue" concerning all this splurge, and he "allowed" it was unaccountable except the notorious love of sensation which prevails throughout London, and even went so far as to assert the Gorilla would soon have its worshippers if it only had "the gift of the gab." As the doors opened, I mentioned my purpose of seeing the Spurgeon, and he advised me to have my ticket ready on entering. "You don't mean to say tickets are necessary, do you?" "Most certainly!" Fire and brimstone! sold again, by Jupiter! "What in thunder do *I* want a ticket for?" but it was no use of talking—without a pass nobody could enter, and though easily procured on week-days, there was no way of getting them on Sundays, and consequently no Spurgeon that night. "Who else is there worth visiting?" I asked of the city guardian: "Why not go and see Jem Mace—Sunday night is just the time to catch him in." "That's me! and if you'll be kind enough to explain the way there, I shall feel obliged." "Take the bus to Shoreditch, and tell 'em to leave you opposite Holywell Lane, anybody will tell you where Mace keeps." With these directions, in another half hour the stage halted opposite the very spot where my morning had been passed, the Eastern Railroad Station, and out I jumped directly alongside Holywell Lane.

JEM MACE AND THE "OLD KING JOHN."

The "Old King John," formerly kept by Joe Hoiles, has been long familiar to readers of the CLIPPER by the numerous matches here made and meetings held of the admirers of pugilism and pedestrianism. At night was a bad time to see the outside, but there was nothing remarkable from other sport vaults except Jem's portrait in ring costume, with "Champion of the Middle Weights" underneath, painted on the lamps over the door. There are two entrances, one to the bar, and another for the "Parlor." In front of the bar were congregated the roughs or flannel jackets, ordering pots of "fourpenny" and passing the tankard around from mouth to mouth in a very democratic manner. Behind the counter were two buxom-looking females (one the Champion's "better half") serving out various liquids in quick succession, with a sparkling eye to business: over the bar were Jem's two belts—one a presentation, the other a Champion of England belt, whether *the* belt or not, I didn't ascertain: the International Print of Farnborough, and Mace's colors for his victory over Moss Staleybridge—by far the handsomest handkerchief I ever saw, and for richness, much superior to Sayers' in his fight with California John—were also conspicuous. In one corner was a cheap comic-looking lithograph, also supposed to represent the British and American contest. As Jem was not at home just then, I took a seat in the parlor, already comfortably full and "called for my ale and called for my pipe," but not "for the fiddlers three." It is customary for porter-houses to keep a large stock of long pipes tipped with red wax for customers' use gratis, although it is expected you will buy "a screw of tobacco," as they call it, at their house; to smoke a cigar inside would be considered "putting on airs" in most of the so-called parlors, such being the popularity of clay tubes. Jem has a tolerable assortment of pictures, but generally speaking, everything is on the cheap system, as tables, seats, and picture frames—perhaps suitable, however, for his miscellaneous visitors. His stock of portraits comprise: Jack Randall, Bill Neate, Tom Spring, Wm. Spooner, Jas. Patterson, Wm. Howitt, J. Howard, "Temperance," C. Westhall—all uncolored prints and engravings of "ye olden time;" Dick Cain, Joe Rowe, Young Reed, Brettle, Joe Hoiles, Joe Nolan, Dad Cunningham, two of Hurst, half a-dozen of himself, and some smaller ones, with Geo. Newbold's imprint attached—sufficient guarantee of their correctness and finish. Sam Hurst's colors with Paddock (four lions in the corners and a coat-of-arms in the centre), and Brettle's with Mace (four flowers and shield in centre), were also framed in a conspicuous position. Among the visitors were a number of "red-coats," and the following "professionals:" Jack Brooks, a dark, thick-set little man of good features and a retiring disposition, who conducts the Champion's sparring levees; Micky Gannon, gather a flashy customer, with a broken nose, about to fight Jesse Hatton; Young Lead, an active, determined-looking youth, with not a bad countenance; Mace's Wolf (sometimes called Gorilla), a tall, raw-boned, rollicking darkey, with immense breadth of shoulder and small round head-piece, with an expression of cunning in every move; and Stamp, of Norwich, a sandy-haired boxer. All these gents were gotten up very stylish as to dress, but that they were "bruisers" no judge of the article could mistake. The Champion's Pot-Boy was a very genteel young fellow, civil and sociable, but had the mark of a cut full two inches long on his left optic—the result of a turn-up, no doubt. All kinds of subjects were discussed, including things in America, and Master Lead stated his intention of visiting the States, at the suggestion of Jack MacDonald, who told him he could do well in the star-spangled banner country. It was near ten o'clock before Mace made his appearance, and then just long enough for an introduction, as his backers were waiting in a private room for an audience with him. He was in his shirt sleeves, and sported an immense fob-chain and finger-ring, with a stone set in nearly the size of a walnut; it looked like a "spark," but I wouldn't swear that it was. Jem is the most intelligent boxer probably in London, and is capable of carrying on a good conversation for hours without any sign of the profession he follows being visible. To all appearances, he is a gentleman, with a small, symmetrical head, and a face full of deep thought and study. I obtained a small card photograph of the Champion seated, with his belts and cups on a table close by, which picture is very rare and only obtainable by an order from the original. Among Mace's admirers it is argued there never existed such a clever delineator of the art fistic; while for action he is considered a trifle slower than a flash of lightning. One enthusiastic disciple declared Jem could lick Sayers and Heenan in the same ring! but I expressed very serious doubts of his being able to give either one half a licking. The proof of the pudding is known to be in the eating, and the proof of Mace's prowess is not sufficient to make any such assertion as the above. I believe in giving even the devil his due, but fulsome adulation is more apt to do harm than good—therefore it would be well "to wait a little longer." Among the Champion's "doubters," some are evil-disposed enough to insist that Ould Mike Madden could "strike terror to his soul;" with that, however, I have nothing to say, but merely give the opinion of veteran ring-goers, Mace's great *forte* is being a two handed fighter, for if he gets on with a left-hander, the right is sure to follow before the man expects such liberties. Charley Lynch sunk some $400 on the Staleybridge in his contest with Mace, but that proves nothing except Charley's confidence in the Giant being amiss. Being importuned by Master Lead to attend his benefit, I invested in a ticket, but when it came off I was hundreds of miles from London, and consequently didn't attend. It was shutting up time before I was aware of the fact, and the Pot-Boy politely cried "time!" as a sign for us to make tracks; at twelve o'clock, just as my hotel was closing, I fetched up, with the satisfaction of seeing a "lion," although it was not the one intended when I started out in the morning.—To be continued.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price $2, post paid to all parts of the U. S. ☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNER'S SURE GUIDE.—A new edition of the above work (by the CLIPPER Draught Editor,) is now ready. (E. M. DeWitt, publisher, Frankfort street, New York.) The book is precisely what its title indicates, containing the elements of the game *in full;* beautifully printed on fine paper. Gilt, price 38 cents, post paid to all parts of the United States. Address FRANK QUEEN, No. 29 Ann street, New York. ☞ Send cash or stamps and the book will be forwarded at once.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. M. EARWICH, Harwich, C. W.—We "accept the amendment" Mr. D. is in this city.

GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY," Painsville, Ya.—Go ahead.

H SPAYTH, Buffalo, N. Y.—Correction received; also another correction of an End-Game in the American Draught Player, by A. J. Dunlap. Of course you are anxious that all faulty games shall be corrected. This you proclaimed at the time the first edition appeared; and we agree with you in the sentiment, that all possible corrections should appear in the next edition.

EXPRESS, New York.—Whilter, by Mr. Dunlap, appears this week. By the way, the play at the termination is very fine.

NEMO, Philadelphia, Pa.—Remainder of Match Games received. Many thanks.

NEW YORK, Jan 10, 1862.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER: This Game is a correction of one in Mr. Spayth's Book, corrected by A. J. Dunlap. YOURS, EXPRESS

GAME NO. 35.—VOL. IX.

WHILTER.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11	to 15	23	to 19	16..15	to 22	8	to 3
2.. 9	14	22	17	17.. 7	10	24	19
3.. 7	11	25	22	18..25	29	19	16
4..11	16	26	23	19.. 2	7	17	14
5.. 5	9	17	13	20.. 9	18	21	17
6.. 3	7	29	25	21..22	26	30	14
7.. 1	5	22	17	22..29	25	27	24
8.. 8	11	31	26	23..29	27	32	23
9..16	20	19	16	24..11	20	(a)23	19
10..12	19	23	16	25..25	22	19	15
11..14	18	26	23	26..10	19	3	1
12..18	22	25	18	27..22	18	13	9
13..15	22	23	18	28..18	22	17	13
14..10	15	16	12	29..22	17	14	10
15..22	25	12	8	30.. 5	14	Black wins.	

Note by Express.

(a) Mr. S. plays the game to this point; and says "Drawn." The "Great American Draught Player" and his friends will please play on, and see how it "comes out."

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 40—VOL. IX.

BY C. M. W.

Black.		White.	
1..16	19	24	15
2.. 7	16	20	11
3.. 2	7	11	2
4.. 9	13	2	9
5..13	22	15	18
6.. 5	28, and wins.		

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 66th POSITION.

White.		Black.	
1..32	27	23	32
2..28	23	19	26
3..30	23, and wins.		

CLIPPER MATCH GAMES.

SYNOPSIS OF MATCH GAMES PLAYED THROUGH THE CLIPPER.

BY NEMO.

GAME BETWEEN LEREYNARD AND AMATEUR.

THE CROSS.

Black. LeReynard.		White. Amateur.		Black. LeReynard.		White. Amateur.	
1..11	15	23	18	5.. 5	9(b)	21	17
2.. 8	11	27	23	6..10	14	17	10
3.. 4	8	23	19	7.. 7	14	19	10
4.. 9	13(a)	26	23	8.. 6	15, and Amateur never replied, although he had a winning position.		

(a) 9 to 13 loses; 9 to 14 draws.
(b) Leaves the Books.

GAME BETWEEN MACDUFF AND MACBETH

SINGLE CORNER.

Black, Macduff.		White, Macbeth.		Black, Macduff		White, Macbeth.	
1..11	15	22	18	7.. 8	8	14	20
2..15	22	25	18	8..11	16	18	11
3.. 8	11	29	25	9.. 8	24	28	19
4..10	14(a)	25	22	10.. 4	8	31	27
5.. 6	10	24	19	11.. 8	11	19	16
6.. 1	6	27	24	12..12	19	23	16

and Macduff never replied, conscious that he had lost the game.
(a) Leaves the Books.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
13..15	24	28	19
14..14	18	19	16

BETWEEN MARY H. H. AND W. S. K.

Black.—Mary.		White.—W. S. K.	
15..10	17	27	23
16.. 1	6	23	16
17.. 6	10		

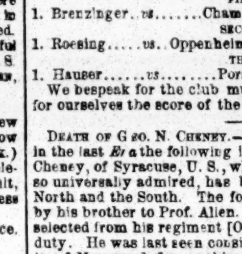
BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND P. M. HARWICH.

Black—G. M. B.		White—P. M. H.	
1..11	15	23	19
2.. 8	11	26	23

POSITION No. 41.—VOL. IX. THE 61st POSITION OF STURGES.

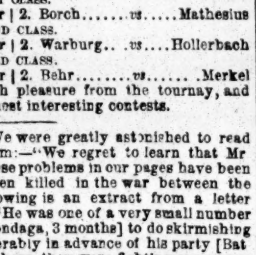
BY THE EDITOR D. D.—END GAME.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C A G, New York.—Problems received and shall have early attention. We should do it with more confidence were your communication authenticated by your name and address.

E. W. BRYANT.—Your very valuable letter and enclosures at hand and on file. J. A. L. shall have an early letter, as also yourself and J. McL.

BLINDFOLD CHESS PLAYING

On Friday evening, 17th ult, Jas. A. Leonard played eight games of chess simultaneously, without seeing the men or boards, at the Morphy Rooms, Broadway, N. Y. Play was commenced at 8 30, P. M., and in less than three hours all the games had terminated, Mr. Leonard winning four of the eight. The play was skillful on the part of Mr. Leonard, and were the best of any of his series of blindfold games.

On Saturday evening Mr. L visited the rooms of the Brooklyn Chess Club, No. 14 Court street, and played six blindfold games. He was not, however, as successful as he had been the previous evening, and we do not wonder at it, as playing such games two nights in succession, is far too great a mental task to be undertaken with impunity. The openings and the result of each game are given below:—

Table No. 1..Mr. Baxter; Queen's Knight's opening; mated on 28th move.
Table No. 2..Mr. Thompson; Ruy Lopez Gambit. Leonard resigned on 22d move.
Table No. 3..Mr. Badger; King's Knight's Gambit; mated on 24th move.
Table No. 4..Mr. Tisdale; Sicilian Defence; Leonard resigned on 18th move.
Table No. 5..Mr. Horner; King's Knight's Gambit; Leonard resigned on 22d move.
Table No. 6..Mr. Chadwick; Scotch Gambit; Leonard drew the game in 19 moves.

The play occupied about three hours, and at its close Mr. Leonard and the President of the Brooklyn club sat down and played two games over the board, both of which were brilliantly won by Mr. Leonard. The most prominent players of the club were in attendance.

PAULSEN SCHACH CLUB.—This vigorous young club, whose "local habitation" is at 189 Bowery, is now holding its first systematic Tournament, its players being ranged in three classes, as follows:—

FIRST CLASS.

1. Brenzinger..vs.....Chamier | 2. Borch.....vs.....Mathesius

SECOND CLASS.

1. Roesing.....vs..Oppenheimer | 2. Warburg..vs.....Hollerbach

THIRD CLASS.

1. Hauser.....vs.....Porser | 2. Behr.....vs.....Merkel

We bespeak for the club much pleasure from the tournay, and for ourselves the score of the most interesting contests.

DEATH OF GEO. N. CHENEY.—We were greatly astonished to read in the last *Er a* the following item:—"We regret to learn that Mr Cheney, of Syracuse, U. S., whose problems in our pages have been so universally admired, has been killed in the war between the North and the South. The following is an extract from a letter by his brother to Prof. Allen. 'He was one of a very small number selected from his regiment [Onondaga, 3 months] to do skirmishing duty. He was last seen considerably in advance of his party [Battle of Manassas], for, as skirmishers, they were fighting every man for himself. A companion, who observed that he was loading without being sufficiently protected, called out to him—'For God's sake, Cheney, get behind a tree—you'll get shot!' His only reply was, well!' He was soon lost sight of in the smoke of battle, and has never been seen since. Between sorrow and anger I didn't sleep for two nights after hearing of Cheney's death. Cook declares that he was the second (natural, ready) Chess *genius* of the country. Morphy gave him high praise in my presence after playing two games with him, and Healy, the best critic in England, was greatly delighted with a few of his problems that I sent to Lowenthal. Cheney was not a mere chess player, either. He was a 'natural' mathematician and a 'natural' and witty writer.'"

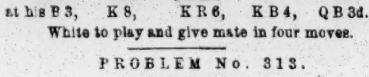
It is very singular that so long a time should have elapsed since such an event, without its sooner coming to our knowledge. It is neither our place nor privilege to sketch or eulogise the departed Chess genius whose scintillations so considerably added to the halo surrounding the very name of American Chess; but which is now cut down and extinguished forever by a violent death, voluntarily sought, ere its star had reached its meridian. Another will more worthily fill that office. Our earlier readers will remember his valuable contributions to our columns, under the *nom de plume* of "Midnight." It was to him that our lengthy article and quotations on "Philidor's Defence," of some years since, was dedicated. *Dormi.*

ENIGMA No. 313.

From the Manchester (Eng.) Express.

BY HERR KLING.

at his R 6, Q B 2, Q 8, Q B 7, Q 4th.



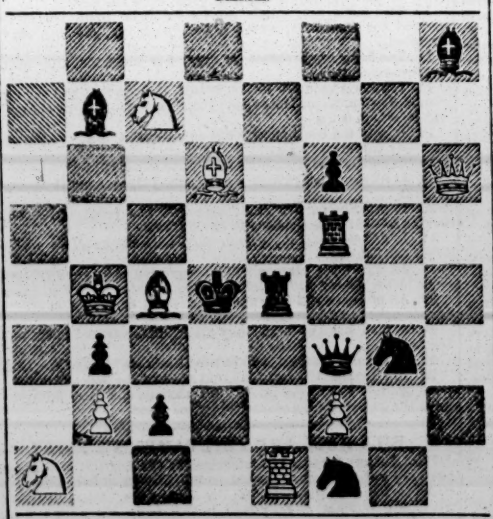
at his P 3, K 8, K R 6, K B 4, Q B 3d.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 313.

BY GEO. H. DERRICKSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and give mate in four moves.

GAME NO. 313.

Between a strong amateur at the "Morphy Chess Rooms" and our contributor E. McCutcheon.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, Amateur.	Defence, McCutcheon.	Attack, Amateur.	Defence, McCutcheon.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	15..K R×P	K B-K 6
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	16..R×K Kt	Kt P×R
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	17..K Kt-B 3	K-his R sq
4..P-Q Kt 4	B×Kt P	18..Q×Kt P	R-K Kt sq
5..P-Q B 3	B-Q R 4	19..Q×Q R	Q 3×Kt
6..Q-her Kt 3	Q-K 2	20..Kt×Q B	Q-K Kt 5
7..Q B-R 3	P-Q 3	21..K P-home	Q×Q Kt
8..Castles	K Kt-B 3	22..Q×Q Kt	Q-K B 7
9..P-Q 4	Castles	23..Q×K R+	K×Q
10..P-Q 5	Q Kt-home	24..K B-Q 3	B-K B 5
11..Q Kt-Q 2	Q B-Kt 5	25..R-K B sq	Q-K R 5
12..K Kt-K sq	K B-Kt 3	26..P-K R 3	Q-Kt 6
13..K-his R sq	Q-her 2	27..R×K B	Q×Q R, and the Defence wins the *parte.*
14..P-K B 4	K P×P		

Well-fought and interesting *partie* at Manchester (Eng.) between Messrs. Kipping and Paulsen.—*Ed.*

EVANS GAMBIT.

Mr. Kipping.	Mr. Paulsen.	Mr Kipping.	Mr. Paulsen.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	20..Q to her Kt 2	K Kt to K 7+
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	21..K-his R sq	Kt×Q B
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	22..Q×K Kt	Kt×K P
4..P-Q Kt 4	B×Kt P	23..K Kt×Kt(e)	K B-Q 5
5..P-Q B 3	B-Q R 4	24..Q-K B 3	Q×K Kt
6..Q-her Kt 3	Q-K B 3	25..Q R-K sq(f)	Q-K Kt 4
7..Castles	P-Q 3	26..Q-K 2	K B-B 6
8..P-Q 4	K P×P	27..Kt-K B 3(g)	Q-K B 3
9..B P×P	K B-Kt 3	28..Q R-B sq	Q B-Kt 5
10..P-K 5	Q P×P	29..Q-her B 2	Q B×Kt
11..Q P×P	Q-K Kt 3	30..K B×B	K B-Q 7
12..Q B-Q 2(a)	K Kt-K 2	31..Q R-Kt sq	P-Q Kt 3
13..P-Q R 4	Castles	32..Q×B P(h)	B-Q Kt 5
14..Q B-his 3	K Kt-B 4	33..Q R-B sq	B-Q B 4
15..Q-Kt 2 (b)	P-Q R 4	34..Q R-B 4	Q R-Q 7 (j)
16..Q Kt-Q 2	Q B-K 3	35..K-his Kt sq	Q R×P
17..K B-Q 3	Q R-Q sq(c)	36..K R-B sq	Q R×B+
18..K B-K 4	Q-K R 4(d)	37..Q R×B	Kt P×R, and Mr Kipping resigns. (k)
19..Q-her Kt 5	K Kt-Q 5		

(a) Q B to R 3d is usually played here, but the move in the text has also its merits, as it enables the Attack to play this B to his 3d by which the advanced K P is considerably strengthened; besides which, it commands an important diagonal.
(b) In order to prevent the contemplated move Kt to Q 5th, &c.
(c) The most efficacious mode of averting the threatened attack.
(d) Necessary, because had any other move been made the Attack would have played with great effect, Q to her Kt sq.
(e) Had the Attack taken Kt with Q, the Defence would have exchanged Queens, and then taken Kt with Rook.
(f) Mr. Kipping conducts the Attack with his usual ability, and the move in the text was the best that could be adopted.
(g) All this is remarkably interesting.
(h) This, as the after game shows, was rather hazardous, the Queen being there quite out of play.
(j) With a superior game
(k) The play does credit to both parties; Mr. Kipping having undoubtedly put forth all his strength on this occasion, while Mr. Paulsen found it necessary to play his very best against an antagonist of such high calibre.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER FORTY-SIX.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, SEN.

BORN in Plymouth, Devonshire, England, in 1778. Was invited to this country by C. Powell, for the Boston company, he (Mr. P.) agreeing to pay Mr. Jefferson's passage, and a salary of $17 per week. His first appearance on the American stage was at the old Federal street Theatre, Boston, in 1795; first appeared in New York, February 10th, 1796, at the John street Theatre as Squire Richard, in "The Provoked Husband." Appeared in Philadelphia in 1803, at the Chestnut street Theatre, where he remained until 1830. His last benefit in Philadelphia took place December 23d, 1829, when he appeared as Bobby Buttercup, in "A School for Grown Children;" last appearance in Philadelphia, was in the character of Sir Bashful Constant, in "The Way to Keep Him." He died in Harrisburgh, August, 1832.

By the death of this distinguished actor, the American stage was bereft of its brightest ornament. During the many years that he was before the public, he was not only unrivalled in his peculiar department, but we may safely assert that of his competitors there was not one who could endure the comparison. From the commencement of his career, until a few weeks previous to his death, he continued with "untired spirit" to hold the highest station in the mimic scene, and while his own heart was lacerated by an accumulation of family misfortunes, he was the delight and admiration of the public. In the endearing relations of private life, Mr. Jefferson was no less esteemed. His integrity, though engaged in a profession with which calumny is always busy, was unsullied. In fact, the narrow circumstances which induced him to remain until the last upon the stage were in a measure owing to the goodness of his heart, and that consciousness of rectitude which prevents suspicion against others, rather than to any deficiency of encouragement on the part of the public.

For many years Jefferson was the life and the soul of the Philadelphia Theatre. The audience although accustomed to see him almost every night, generally gave him a round of applause upon his first appearance on the stage. His Numpo in "'Tis all a Farce" was a master-piece of acting; similar characters in his hands were rich in all that constitutes excellence, the very *toe* peering out from the worn out shoe (for such is the character of Numpo) acted its part.

A writer in 1811 thus speaks of his Dogberry:—"There was a richness of humor, and at the same time a steady conformity to truth and nature, that we have rarely seen equalled, never surpassed. Were there not one other scene in the play worth looking at, we should deem this (alluding to the assumption of superiority over and pity for the weakness of Verges) alone enough to bring the whole city to see 'Much ado about Nothing,' over and over again."

His Polonius was also a magnificent performance, and such as we are not accustomed to see now-a-days. Surrounded by smiling thousands and a family rising in the profession of their father, adding fame to the worldly gear, the prospects of Mr. Jefferson looked bright and fair. He was considered rich, looked upon as such, and on every occasion of his benefit, the public—the smiling thousands turned out *en masse.* But soon a change came over his dream of life; his friend, William Warren, became involved in difficulties, suit after suit hurried him down the tide of misfortune; old Jeff held out his arm to the rescue, it saved his friend for the moment, but ruined himself; their united fortunes were now a wreck, and in their old days with a large family around them, they were compelled to quit the scene of their success, as well as misfortunes. Warren went to Baltimore, and Jefferson made an appeal to his patrons under circumstances of a peculiar nature, for a benefit. His claims upon the public—his losses—were set forth in language none could mistake; the night came, the house was deserted. The friends who smiled upon him in the days of prosperity—would not do so in his night of sorrow and gloom—the expected benefit was a failure. "Forlorn and broken hearted," the old man quitted his home; his registered oath that he would never play more in Philadelphia was kept. With one of his sons he started for Harrisburgh, where, under the accumulation of domestic woes and the cold neglect of the public, he—died.

MRS. JOSEPH JEFFERSON,

WELL known as Mrs. Thomas Burke, maiden name Thomas. Born in New York, October 1796, made her first appearance on the stage, November 1813, in New York, with a company of excellent performers banded together under the title of the "Commonwealth," and playing in opposition to the Park Theatre. She was a beautiful singer, possessing a voice of much sweetness and power; after the death of her first husband, Mr. Thomas Burke, a comedian, of Baltimore, she married Mr. Joseph Jefferson, a son of the old comedian, in June, 1825. He was a scenic artist, and subsequently lessee of the Baltimore and Washington Theatres.

Mrs. Jefferson died in Philadelphia, in 1849, of consumption.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, JR.

BORN in Philadelphia, in 1804. Died in Mobile, Ala., Nov. 14th, 1842. He was an artist and manager, as well as actor.

When the man of wealth and station pays that debt which neither high nor low can repudiate nor delay, he seldom lacks an eulogist to descant on his posthumous virtues, though undiscovered until his death, while humble excellence rarely lives beyond the circle of affectionate friendship. Mr. Jefferson was the second son and namesake of that distinguished comedian, so many years the pride and ornament of the Chestnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, whose unblemished private life was a moral sanction for his public reputation, and never did the unostentatious virtues of a father more purely descend upon the offspring than in the person of the deceased. He was an actor of great talent, and an artist of unquestioned excellence.

Though living in the public world, it was not there that his true merit was seen, and one who has known him many years in every relation of life, may be permitted to say, that as a son, a brother a father, a husband, and friend, he has left none purer to lament his death, or attest his virtues. Guileless as a child, he passed through life in perfect charity to all mankind, and never by his nearest, and dearest was he ever known to utter an unkind word, or entertain an illiberal opinion. His blameless nature was as free from a thought or act of dishonor, as the diamond is from alloy.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

BORN in Philadelphia, February 20th, 1829. He is the grandson of "old Jeff" and half-brother to the late lamented Charles Burke; made his first appearance on the stage, at Washington, D. C., when quite a child, representing the "Living Statues;" made his *debut* on the New York stage, September 1st 1849, as Hans Morris, in "Somebody Else." In 1852, he became manager of the Charleston, S. C., Theatre. At the close of the season, returned to New York, and in May, became attached to Niblo's Garden. In September, 1857 he became a permanent member of Laura Keene's Theatre, and remained during the season, making one of the greatest hits on record, by playing the character of Asa Trenchard, in that trashy piece known as "Our American Cousin."

He is an actor who, perhaps, stands higher in the public favor than any other man now living. If we be desired to say whence in our judgement his popularity springs, our answer is from his constant vivacity and whimsical extravagance and from the hilarity of his countenance. He is an actor who makes you think you are embarked with him in a party of pleasure, he is not this character nor *that*—he is a true son of Momus, but he resolves to divert and entertain you. In person he is small and light and seemingly delicate in constitution. Mr. Jefferson may be set down as the best Dr. Pangloss on the American stage, I unhesitatingly assert it. There is more of the reality of the character about his rendition of it than I ever witnessed in that of any other, and his perfect abandon to all its minutest details as well as the text, and other characteristics, render it a most delightful and amusing performance. There is nothing like buffoonery about it—all he does is as if the Doctor in *propria persona* was before us, fully impressing upon us

that the original is there in the full enjoyment of health, and in pursuit of his position, basking in the glorious prospect of "Six hundred a Year."

Mr. Jefferson is now in Australia.

MRS. JOSEPH JEFFERSON, Jun.

Maiden name, Lockyer—born in Burnham, England, September 11th, 1832. Made her first appearance on the stage, at the Bowery Theatre, New York, as the Fairy Queen, in "Cinderella." First appeared at Niblo's Garden, July 23d 1859, as Mrs. Lullaby, in "Conjugal Lesson," for the benefit of her husband. She then retired from the stage, and took up her residence in New York, where she died, February 25th, 1861. She was an amiable and accomplished woman. She was surrounded by a host of friends, who now lament her untimely loss.

JOHN JEFFERSON.

Born in Philadelphia; made his first appearance on any stage, when a child, at the Chestnut street Theatre, in his native city. First appeared in New York, at the old Chatham Theatre. Fell in a fit and died, September 4th, 1831, at Harrisburgh, Pa.

His unaffected simplicity and native humor on the stage, his affability and laudable conduct of it, rendered him at once an esteemed and respectable actor.

T. JEFFERSON.

Born in Philadelphia. Made his first appearance on any stage, in 1821, at the Chestnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Master Slender, in "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Died in Philadelphia, in 1834, of consumption.

MRS. CORNELIA J. JEFFERSON.

Maiden name, Fortune. Born in the city of New York; made her first appearance on any stage, as Louisa Dudley, in "The West Indian," at the Park Theatre, New York.

Died in Philadelphia, Sunday, October 22d, 1848.

MISS CORNELIA JEFFERSON,

Grand-daughter of "Old Jeff." Born in Baltimore, Md., October 1st, 1835. Made her first appearance on any stage at the Front street Theatre, in her native city, as the Duke of York; made her *debut* in New York, in 1849, at the Chatham Theatre, as Little Pickle, in "The Spoiled Child;" first appearance in Philadelphia, August 30, 1851, at the Arch street Theatre, as Louisa, in the farce of "Somebody Else." This young fragile creature, the lily of the garden of the mimic world—the bright little blossom of the stage, deserves an especial notice. Nature in its vanity gifted her mind with so many qualities that she overlooked the body upon which these qualities were to act. The preponderance of the former was too great for the latter, and thus her delicate, though well formed figure, is too small to contain the vast amount of wit and humor the mind lavishes so freely upon her impersonations.

Indeed, I cannot look upon her without perceiving this constant struggle between her mental and physical power. She husbands her exuberance of spirits so as to suit her strength, and thus this quiet, quaint humor, throws around her delineations a charm that acts like magic on the audience. Her every action is humor—her voice, a laughing tone: her expression, the personification of wit. These surround her constantly, and what adds materially to her pleasing manner and style, is that constant current of nature that runs through her delineations, washing away in its course all the faults which art may have thrown around them. Miss Jefferson acts as if no one was looking at her. She has no vanity in that respect. She does not stare at the audience, and look as if she were asking the question, "How do you like me?" She is an artist, not an automaton.

The sprightliness, spirit, and propriety of her manner, catch the attention, and fill the imagination of her audience with the genuine ideas of the author. During the past two seasons she has made rapid progress in her profession, and bids fair to become a general favorite. At present attached to the "Walnut," Philadelphia.

[Next week, G. V. Brooke.]

THE AMERICAN PRIZE RING.

BATTLES OF BY-GONE DAYS.

RE-PUBLISHED, BY REQUEST, IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER FIVE.

GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN

YANKEE SULLIVAN AND THOMAS SECOR,

AT STATEN ISLAND, SATURDAY, JAN. 24, 1842.

On Saturday, January 24, 1842, the long talked of fight between the renowned Yankee Sullivan and Thomas Secor took place.

At half past 8 o'clock the Boston steamer, preceded by the Citizen, (Secor's boat,) the Star, (Sullivan's boat,) and the steamer Dream, followed by the steamer Wave, proceeded on their way to the battle ground. Thousands who were disappointed in getting aboard, lined the wharves and ran in crowds up and down the river side. The order of the day was, that all the boats should follow Sullivan's, who was to select the ground. There appeared, however, to be some indecision in regard to the matter, for after arriving opposite the heights of eternal Neversink, Sullivan's boat backed irresolutely to and fro for some time, and kept the others playing about like attendant dolphins. At length it was resolved to land at a wharf on Staten Island, about ½ a mile north of old Fort Tompkins, and at 10¾, A. M., the whole party disembarked. The singular multitude streamed in one long unbroken line along the heights towards the south, some bearing huge stakes, others ropes, and two or three a pick-axe, terrifying the simple inhabitants of the neighborhood with the strange irruption, and spreading even an uncertain alarm among the blue coated U. S. gentry from the fort, who ran in crowds to look on the strange array.

The spot pitched upon was upon the beautiful grounds of Mr. Aspinwall, of this city, within a few hundred yards of the light house at the "Narrows," and about half a mile from Fort Tompkins. There were about 2,000 spectators of all classes and descriptions on the ground. At 11¼ o'clock the stakes were driven and two rings formed, the inner one twenty-four feet square for the combatants and their seconds, and the outer one, very large, so as to afford a convenient circle for the large number on the ground. The spot was peculiarly adapted to the business in hand, as it lay at the foot of an abrupt slope of two or three hundred yards, which afforded a capital stand for the lookers on, and the close shaven sod was rendered soft and elastic by the action of a bright and beautiful sun.

While the preparations were going on, Sullivan walked about among the crowd, surveying the arrangements with a cheerful and accustomed eye, and bantered several of his opponents with a bet of fifty to thirty-five dollars upon himself. At 11:40, every thing being ready, the men commenced to peel. Five minutes afterwards they entered the Ring, and confronted each other, stripped to the buff above the middle, while their nether array consisted of the professional corduroys and hose. Sullivan was the first to enter, his tile had been previously cast in by his second, McClusky, and Secor's hat followed by the hands of Vanderzee. Previous to confronting each other, Sullivan nailed his color—a shred of black muslin—to one of the stakes, and Vanderzee addressing himself to the assemblage, remarked, that his principal wanted nothing but "a fair and honest thing."

When the men confronted each other, the superiority of Secor's size was very apparent, though to practised eyes he was plainly too fine. His flesh had a healthful ruddy glow, and the only fault of his condition was that there was a little too much of it. Of his physical proportions, we have but to say that he was defective in the chest, which was rather flat, and his shoulders inclined to be round. In short, he was by no means a man calculated to become celebrated in the Prize Ring, though sooth to say he was a man of great physical strength, strength however which was encumbered and embarrassed by other points that form no part of the necessary *tout ensemble* of a gladiator.

Sullivan, on the other hand, with a single physical exception, may be said to have been the very model of a man of his weight and size. In height he was 5 feet 10 inches, his frame round, his limbs muscular and clean with the exception of a slight inflection of his knees, his head small and round, and having the appearance of being bone, features and all, from the boldness of its angles, the remarkable closeness of the skin, and the apparent impenetrability of its texture. His flesh was clear, what he had of it, and clung with peculiar tenacity to his body.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. At 11:45, after the principals and seconds had shaken hands, all together, across each other's arms, the two combatants came merrily up to the scratch. Sullivan gathered himself up in his peculiar style, like a tiger preparing himself for a spring, and Secor brandished his arms warily up and down, while he at the same time eyed his antagonist with an intense and determined gaze. Secor led off with his right, which was followed by Sullivan as quick as lightning upon his antagonist's nose; Sullivan then went to the ground to avoid the return. [Cries of "First blood for Sullivan!" and "he went down without a blow!"]

2 Both right to work Sullivan stopped, and returned a slinging smack on the nose, starting the blood again; answered by Secor with a Paixhan shot on the nob, which knocked Sullivan out stiff, and he fell clear to the ground on his back When he was carried to his corner by his seconds, he pointed tauntingly at Secor's nose, and made faces at him.

3 At it sharp again. Sullivan led off upon the mouth, cutting it again, and as Secor followed up, he planted, in his retreat, two more in the same place and then went down to avoid the return, laughing from the ground in Secor's face, who unwillingly had to turn away without touching him on the ground. This system of mocking and pointing the finger at his antagonist was pursued by Sullivan from the start, for the purpose of exasperating him and throwing him off his guard, and was in a slight measure successful.

4 Yankee led off again upon his old spot, on the nose, as true as a trivet and sharp as a knife, following it up in his retreat; then seeing trouble coming, he slipped away from it like a shadow and laughed in his baffled opponent's face.

5 Both came up briskly; Secor made a feint and Sullivan went to the ground without a blow. [Murmurs of dissatisfaction from Secor's friends and a laugh from Sullivan.]

6 Sullivan commenced in good earnest, planted three successive blows in Secor's face, one on either eye, and one on the old spot, starting the claret again in streams; he then dropped away from the return, and went to his corner laughing contemptuously again.

7 Secor caught it again on the mug, and ere he could reply, Sullivan took to the ground.

8 Secor came up fierce and went right to work He let fly with his left, caught Yankee on the collar bone, turned him half way round, and followed with his right on the shoulder blade with such force as to cause an abrasion of the skin and make a noise resembling a pistol crack. Sully returned, but did not get home, and Secor caught him on the frontal bone and sent him to the ground.

9 Yankee stopped, let fly with his left, caught Secor on the nose in the old place, and went down laughing to avoid the return.

10 Sullivan bled his man this time the same way, and went down laughing again.

11 Secor led off was stopped, caught a return blow on his gory nose that sent the claret flying in a spray and widened the cleft already made Secor rushed in, closed and threw his man, falling on him. Sullivan went to his corner laughing at him.

12 Sullivan led off in earnest, planting blow after blow in his opponent's face. Secor, made wild by his punishment, returned at random, and Sullivan went down laughing.

13 A rally and Secor nearly thrown over the ropes.

14 A rally, a close, and Sully down.

15 Sharp counter hits, a rally, Sullivan driven to the ropes and half pressed through them by Secor, who fell upon him. Sully returned to his corner laughing as before.

16. Sullivan sent the claret from Secor's nose into fine spray again by a stinging smack; Secor rushed in and closed, but Sullivan turned him and Secor went to the ground

17 Smart exchanges, a close, a rally and both down.

18 Secor hit out right and left, a rally, Sully driven to the ropes, a clinch, a short struggle, ineffective exchanges, and Sullivan nearly pressed through the ropes.

19 A sharp rally, a close, and both down.

20. Both commenced earnestly; counter hits, a rally, a close and Sullivan pressed to the ropes, when Secor fell over him bodily.

21 A rally, Secor caught it sharply on his snuff-box again, painting the fist of his antagonist; close and Sullivan went down, leaving Secor dreadfully jobbed.

22. Sullivan let fly with his left three times with terrific effect, completely distracting his enemy who rushed at him with open hands and arms; Sullivan admonished him once more of his carelessness by a sharp cutting blow, and went to the ground laughing at him

23. Secor a little shy, let fly with his right, was stopped and caught it in return on his snuff-taker, the blood jetting out into spray from the force of the blow in all directions; Secor rushed in, clinched and pressed his man to the ropes and fell on him.

24. Secor's eyes were now both cushioned and variegated with their frequent visitations; his face was covered all over with the blood which at the end of every round streamed profusely from his nose. He came up this time with a stupid and dogged determination; led off, struck short and wild, caught an admonisher in the old place in consequence, and Yankee went down out of the way of an ugly blow. It was now apparent to every body that Secor with his bold, straightforward mode of fighting, could not contend successfully with his wily and active adversary. Blow after blow came raining in upon him, drawing blood at every visitation, and when he would have returned the compliment, his antagonist slipped away from him like a shadow, and his blow, wasted in the air, had no other effect than that of straining him and pitching him forward over his tormentor. Sullivan went down

25. Secor came up groggy; both his eyes were half shut, and the blood clotted his nose and chin, and covered his face. He went in with good will, was punished in the old place and Sullivan went down.

26 Secor went in wild, open arms and hands, struck out and fell without a blow. Cries of "he's gone! The fight is over! &c."

27 Sullivan merry, smart counter hits, a close and Sullivan was thrown, Secor falling heavily on him.

28 Secor went in well, got a heavy blow and closed, Sullivan whirled him round and threw him

29 Secor much fatigued and Sullivan fresh, fierce exchanges, a rally and Secor carried Sullivan half over the ropes, falling on him and trying by his weight to force him outside.

30 Sullivan jobbed his man dreadfully, Secor returned wildly. Notwithstanding his severe punishment, he followed his tormentor all round the ring, smiling at him through his blood. A rally and Sullivan thrown half over the ropes on his back, Secor on top of him jobbing him in the face.

31 Smart exchanges, Secor wild and streaming with blood, he rallied, drove Sullivan to the ropes, who dropped away from a heavy blow and laughed in his face; Secor's eyes nearly closed.

32. Sullivan got in two in his old place, a close and Secor fell heavily upon him.

33. Secor caught it again and Sullivan dropped.

34 Another stinging smack on Secor's nose; Sullivan dropped, and Secor in bitter disappointment stood stupidly gazing at him.

35 After receiving two severe cuts in the face, Secor rallied, pressed Sullivan to the ropes, where a clinch took place and Secor lifted him half over; they then mutually jobbed each other very severely for some minutes during which, amid cries of "Secor's got him at last, give it to him Secor! &c.," the ring was broken in After order was restored, the two combatants went at it again with renewed vigor and determination. From this to the fiftieth round followed a succession of rounds, during which Secor came up with a dogged obstinacy, received two or three terrific cuts in the face, followed, closed and pressed his man to the ropes, falling in one or two instances, heavily upon him.

51 A rally, a close, Secor broke away and gave the upper cut, another close and Sullivan down.

52. Wild exchanges Secor stopped, let fly with his right, caught Sullivan on the ear and struck him down

53 After throwing in two stingers on the nob and nose, Sullivan went down.

54 Secor caught a severe body blow, returned it lightly and Yankee went down.

55. A close and Sullivan down.

56. Secor's case more and more hopeless, a close and Sullivan down.

57 Secor very groggy struck wild, and caught it very bad in return, Sullivan down at the ropes.

58 Secor freshening a little, Sullivan down at the ropes.

59 Secor, though stupid and groggy with punishment, came up well, caught a severe neck blow, followed by another on the chin, mutual hits and both down

60 Sharp counters, both down, Sullivan under.

61 Secor coming up slow but willingly. A rally and Secor down at the ropes.

62 Secor caught it again on the nob, rallied and carried his man down at the ropes.

63 Secor failing fast, got jobbed badly right and left, and went down hopelessly with the upper cut.

64 Sharp work, Secor suffering, went down with a tremendous body blow.

65. Secor was now hopelessly weak; with good heart, however, he staggered up to his man and received his punishment with dog game. More than this cannot be said. It was mere cruelty to suffer him to go in any more, and he was only allowed to do so at his own urgent entreaties. In this round he came up readily and free, but after a blow in the face, Sullivan put down his arms as if dealing with a child. Another blow carried him down. Sullivan now came forward, and offering his hand to Secor, advised that he should be withdrawn as it was now cruel to strike him. Secor took his hands but refused his advice.

66 Sullivan got in three severe cuts and Secor fell heavily to the ground.

67. Time was called. Secor was ready, but his seconds refused to allow him to enter He begged for a few more trials, but at length suffered himself to be refused. Sullivan was declared the victor amid the acclamations of his friends. All hands then pulled up stakes and made tracks for the boats.

REMARKS.

This fight bears its own comment. The whole description may be summed up by saying Secor stood up and took his whipping like a man. With his inadequate science and superior size, he looked like a giant suffering the inflictions of some malicious spirit, impalpable to his attacks. The mode of fighting adopted by Sullivan was much descanted on, and had its fairness questioned.

Sullivan was seconded by Country McClusky and William Ford. Secor by A. Vanderzee and F. Speights. The former left the ground quite fresh, while his antagonist was in a pitiable situation. Most of his injuries, however, were in his face, and his nose literally split in two. Sullivan, though he displayed no hurts of consequence in the face, yet received some severe injuries on his body, from the effects of which he suffered not a little. Time, one hour and five minutes.

ROBBING YOUTH OF ITS SWEETS.—The people of Salem have established an ordinance to prevent boys from "licking lasses from bung holes."

GAMES OF THE ANCIENT ROMANS.

At a very early period we find the games of the Romans regulated with great order and method. Under the republic, the consuls and proctors presided over the Circensian, Apollinarian, and Secular Games; the plebian ediles had the direction of the Plebian Games; the curule ediles, or the pretor, superintended the festivals dedicated to Jupiter, Ceres, Apollo, Cybele, and the other chief gods. These latter celebrations, which continued during three days, were originally termed Ludi Magni; but upon the term being extended to four days by a decree of the senate, they took the name of Ludi Maximi. Games were instituted by the Romans, not only in honor of the celestial deities of all nations, but even to propitiate those who presided over the infernal regions; while the Feralia was a festival established in honor of deceased mortals. Thus were heaven, Tartarus, and the grave, all laid under contribution for holidays, by a religion which may be literally termed jovial, whether in the ancient or modern acceptation of that word. The Feralia continued for eleven days, during which time presents were carried to the graves of the dead, whose manes, it was universally believed, came and hovered over their tombs, and feasted upon the provisions which had been placed there by the hand of piety and affection. It was also believed that during this period they enjoyed rest and liberty, and a suspension from their punishment in the infernal regions.

The Scenic Games, adopted from those of Greece, consisted of tragedies, comedies, and satires, represented at the theatres in honor of Bacchus, Venus, and Apollo. To render these exhibitions more attractive to the common people, they were accompanied by rope dancing, tumbling, and similar performances. Afterwards were introduced the pantomimes and buffoons, to which the Romans, like the degenerated Greeks, became so passionately attached, when the public taste and manner had become equally corrupt, that they superceded the more regular drama. There was no fixed time for these exhibitions, any more than for those amphitheatrical shows which were given by the consuls and emperors to acquire popularity, and which consisted in the combats of men and animals. So numerous, however, were the games of stated occurrences, that we can do no more than briefly recapitulate the names of the most celebrated.

The Actian Games, consecrated to Apollo in commemoration of the victory of Augustus over Mark Antony at Actium, were held every third or fifth year, with great pomp, in the Roman stadium, and consisted of gymnastic sports, musical competitions, and horse racing. In the reign of Tiberius were established the Ludi Augustales, in honor of Augustus, the first representation of which was disturbed by the breaking out of the quarrel between the comedians and the buffoons, where rival factions so often subsequently embroiled the theatrical representations. Livia established, in honor of the same emperor, Palatine Games, to which the Romans were perhaps more indebted than to any other, since their celebration afforded an opportunity for the destruction of the monster Caligula. The Certamina Neronia were literary competitions, established by the tyrant from whom they were named; who affected to be a patron as well as an adept in all the liberal arts. Among other prizes there was one for music, by which we are to understand poetry, since we are expressly told by Suetonius that Nero himself was the crown of poetry and eloquence; none of his antagonists, probably, choosing to surpass so formidable an antagonist. Games, upon various models, were also founded in commemoration of Commodus, Adrian, Antoninus, and many other illustrious and infamous individuals; while all the leading and many of the subordinate deities in the mythological army of the pagans, were honored, at stated periods, by festivals and sacrifices, so that one almost wonders how the people could snatch sufficient time from the business of pleasure and the public shows, to attend to the diurnal cares and pursuits of life.

Besides these numerous festivities—for, though many of them professed to be religious ceremonies, they were essentially merry-makings and revels—there were the Secular Games, revived by Augustus and celebrated only once in a hundred years. Every thing appertaining to these games were calculated to impress the superstitious mind with deep and solemn reverence. From the long interval between the celebrations, none could have seen them before, none could ever hope to behold them again. Slaves and strangers were excluded from any participation in this great national festival; the mystic sacrifices to Pluto and Prosperine, to the Fates, and to the earth, were performed at night on the banks of the Tiber; the Campus Martius, which was illuminated with innumerable lamps and torches, resounded with music and dancing, and the temples with the choral hymns of youths and virgins imploring the gods to preserve the virtue, the felicity, and the empire of the Roman people. While these supplications were tendered, the statues of the deities were placed on cushions, where they were served with the most exquisite dainties. During the three days of the festival, three different pieces of music were performed, the scene being changed as well as the form of the entertainment. On the first, the people assembled in the Campus Martius; on the second, in the Capitol; the third, upon Mount Palatine. A full and beautiful description of these games is furnished by the Carmen Saeculare of Horace, who was appointed the laureate to celebrate their revival by Augustus, and whose Ode, like those of Pindar upon the Olympic Games, is all that remains to us of the great and gorgeous spectacle that it commemorates.

When the Romans became masters of the world, they accorded the right of stated public shows to such cities as required it; the names of which places are preserved in the Arundel marbles, and other ancient inscriptions. Games of all sorts—floral, funeral, Compitalian, and many others, as well as the numerous festivals in honor of deities, heroes, and men, were held in most of the provincial towns as well as in Rome itself. These closely resembled the religious ceremonies of the Greeks, from whom indeed they were chiefly borrowed; but none of them equalled in celebrity or magnificence the Olympic Games.

FAIR PLAY.—A nobleman, living at a castle in Italy, was about to celebrate a marriage feast. All the elements were propitious except the ocean, which had been so boisterous as to deny the necessary article of fish. On the very morning of the feast, however, a poor fisherman made his appearance with a turbot so large that it seemed to have been created for the occasion. Joy pervaded the castle, and the fisherman was ushered into the saloon, where the nobleman, in the presence of his visitors, requested him to put the price he thought proper on the fish, and it should be instantly paid him.

"One hundred lashes," said the fisherman, "on my bare back, is the price of my fish." The nobleman and his guests were astonished, but the fisherman was resolute, and demanded that his request should be complied with. At length the nobleman exclaimed, "Well, well, the fellow is a humorist, and the fish we must have, but lay on lightly, and let the price be paid in our presence."

After fifty lashes had been given him, the fisherman exclaimed, "Hold, hold, I have a partner in this business, and it is fitting that he should receive his share."

"What, are there two madcaps in the world," said the nobleman, "name him, and he shall be sent for immediately."

"You need not go far for him," replied the fisherman; "you will find him at your own gate, in the shape of your own porter, who would not let me in until I promised to give him half of whatever I received for my turbot."

"Oh, oh," said the nobleman, "bring him up instantly, he shall receive his half with the strictest justice." This ceremony being finished he sent away the porter and rewarded the fisherman with something more acceptable than stripes.

To discover who are honest—Edit a newspaper.

THE TWO MUNCHAUSENS.

BY A VETERAN.

In the late —— regiment of Light Dragoons, were two worthy persons, who were denominated the regimental liars; a distinction to which, giving every man his due, they were eminently entitled. The great and fundamental requisites for accomplishing lying, I conceive to be a good memory, a fertile fancy, a ready wit, fluency of speech, and a brazen countenance, so that you shall tell a man a most barefaced falsehood, and afterwards adduce such connected proofs as especially characterise actual facts. The following dialogue is a specimen of the talents of the aforementioned mendacious personages:—

C. See a man walk after he was shot dead! so have I, a whole day's march.

B. Come, come, that's stealing a march on our senses. No, no, it wont do: that's a naked one; do, pray, turn them out with some kind of probability covering over them.

C. What, doubt my veracity?

B. Not for the world; that would be illiberal and unkind; and by the way, now I think on it, I believe the possibility of a man travelling without his cranium; for at the battle of Laswaree, during that desperate contest for British India, I saw a serjeant of the 76th shot dead; yet the fellow pursued his antagonist some hundred yards afterwards, threatening vengeance on the miscreants for having robbed the service of one of its best men. Finding himself weak from loss of blood, he deliberately unscrewed his head, threw it violently at the foe, and took him on the spine; down he tumbled; the veteran jumped upon him; fearful was the struggle; chest to chest fist to fist; at last they joined in the death grapple, and dreadful indeed was their dying hug.

C. My dear friend, I was an eye witness of the whole transaction. You have, however, forgotten the best part of the story. After the serjeant had well pummelled his enemy, he picked up his head again, and thrust it into a neighboring great gun; from the want of his peepers, he made a random shot, and killed the horse on which Lord Lake was riding—his Lordship saluted the sod.

B. I recollect it perfectly; for the nose of the said serjeant—recognized by sundry carbuncles—was so hard that the following day it was extracted from the abdomen of the unfortunate animal.

C. You make a mistake about the nose; it was discovered lodged in a loaf in a corporal's knapsack; the man could swear to it, for it was perforated by three balls, and otherwise curiously marked. Report said that a shell had once blown it completely off, and that it was stitched on again by a shoemaker, who ever after went by the name of nosy-cobbler.

B. Nothing impossible. It reminds me of a story somewhat as strange. During the battle of Delhi, there was a quartermaster in the regiment, a queer fellow, who was never at a loss (he is now in the corps, and can vouch for my statement); he was charging at the head of his squadron, when he caught a cannon shot in his hands; instantly dismounting, he chucked the ball into a field-piece, but, for want of a ramrod, he drove it home with his head. One of the enemy, seeing him thus zealously occupied, fired off the gun; strange to tell, he was not killed! From constant exposure to the sun in search of toddy, and from the free use of cocoa-nut oil, his head had become proof against shot. The distance from the place whence he was projected, to that where he was picked up, measured three miles, two furlongs, three yards, and eleven inches. A hard-headed fellow, sir. In his career he upset a Colonel and a brace of Captains.

C. He did; and where the Colonel was capsized he made such a hole by his enormous weight, that the sovereign of Delhi ordered a large well to be dug on the spot, in memory of the event.

B. I remember the well—twelve feet three inches and a half was the exact depth of the excavation occasioned by the fall.

C. There you are wrong—only eleven feet three inches.

B. No, believe me, I am right—twelve feet and three inches to a barleycorn.

C. Never mind, a little this way or that is of no consequence. The most extraordinary thing was that the gallant Colonel only sprained his right arm.

B. By no means extraordinary. You remember the great gun of Agra, in which a regiment of cavalry used to drill?

C. I do. The one that fired the stone ball to the wall of Futtipoore Sikrah—twenty miles.

B. The same. Well, when that gun was fired—a thing that never occurred but once—the head of the rash man who fired it was afterwards found in the Old Woman's Tank, eleven miles from the spot, without so much as a blemish, except a slight singeing of the right whisker.

C. Ah! I can never forget the time; I had just landed in Calcutta when I heard the report. Some of the wadding went as far as Cawnpore.

Here the trumpet sounding for morning drill put a stop to the colloquy.

THE SIZE OF THEATRES.—La Scala, at Milan, has six rows of boxes, with forty-one in each row; the greatest width of the house between the boxes is seventy-two feet; the distance from the front of the centre box to the curtain is ninety-five feet; the width between the columns of the proscenium is fifty-four feet; and the depth of the stage behind the curtain is one hundred and fifty feet. The house will hold three thousand six hundred persons. The San Carlos, at Naples, claims to be of equal size with La Scala; but, although the general dimensions are not much smaller, the house will only hold three thousand two hundred persons. Her Majesty's theatre, in London, is generally considered to rank next in size to La Scala. The Opera-house in Genoa (Carlo Felice) holds three thousand persons; the Pergola, in Florence, two thousand five hundred. The Opera-house in Havana will not hold over two thousand eight hundred to three thousand persons. The Academy of Music in New York is said to hold four thousand persons when crowded. The Philadelphia Academy of Music will seat three thousand persons. The following particulars of the size of opera-houses, in square feet, give the whole area covered:—

Academie, at Paris	51,300
Munich, at Munich	49,800
Imperial, at St. Petersburg	49,000
La Scala, at Milan	40,300
San Carlos, at Naples	39,800
Carlo Felice, at Genoa	40,500
Covent Garden at London	35,400
Drury Lane, at London	33,100
Academy of Music, at Philadelphia	35,700
Academy of Music, at New York	24,800

AN INDIAN STORY.—Some visitors to the Falls of Niagara, found an Indian standing on a rock above the cataract. At a little distance was a projecting point of land, between which and the spot where the savage stood, rapids were sweeping with a smooth but swift current. One of the travelers asked the red man if he could swim through the rapids to the point. "I cannot tell," was the reply; "but I will try if you give me that flask of brandy, which your servant has in his hand." The flask was accordingly given to him, and taking it in his hand, he plunged in the tide. He swam vigorously, and soon seemed about to achieve his dangerous enterprise. But deficient for a successful execution of the exploit, either in strength or skill, he missed the point, and shooting a little below it, he was instantly at the mercy of the rapids. He saw his error and his danger, and struggled with desperate energy to gain the land, in vain! Every sweep of his vigorous arm leaves him farther from the island, and nearer to the spot where the glassy water bends over the rock. Seeing all chance of escape was passed, the savage ceased his efforts, and drifted in the stream. Then rising on the tide, he held the flask in one hand, while he wrung out the cork with the other, and applying the inverted vessel to his lips, disappeared over the cataract.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

TO THE PROFESSION.

After years of toil and trouble we have succeeded in building up a Theatrical and Show Department in the columns of the CLIPPER, which has no rival on this side of the Atlantic. We have made the CLIPPER a medium of communication between members of the profession in every quarter of the habitable globe. Relatives and friends who have lost sight of each other for months, and in some instances, years, have been enabled to resume their acquaintance and correspondence by means of information concerning their whereabouts, imparted through the CLIPPER. To make this channel of information reliable and trustworthy, has subjected us to much extra expense, and yet we have never, that we remember, solicited any advertising patronage from the profession; neither have we accepted, nor do we accept, pay for recording the movements and doings of our friends. What advertising we have received, has been given us voluntarily. When money is sent us for "notices," we either give the worth of it in our advertising department, or return it to the parties sending it.

We take this opportunity to say that as the profession look upon the CLIPPER as the only acknowledged theatrical and show-business organ in the country, it is but right and proper that they should contribute to its support by giving it a share of their advertising patronage. We do not refer to New York alone, but to all places where the drama, and concert, and minstrel halls flourish. A four or five line advertisement from each place would not be much to them, individually; while the aggregate would assist us materially, for there is no denying the fact that the war has made sad inroads upon the receipts of every paper in the country, and the CLIPPER is among the number that have suffered. Those who advertise with us are mentioned weekly in our city or general summary, without charge; those who do *not* advertise are also mentioned, occasionally, when there is anything of interest to communicate; but advertiser's we make it a point to keep before our readers weekly. The CLIPPER circulates all through the Union; in Europe, Australia, California, etc., etc., and performers, as well as managers, by keeping their names and business in our theatrical and show record, benefit themselves infinitely more than they do us. We throw out the suggestion to the profession, leaving the members thereof to act upon it as may suit them best.

In the meantime, advertisements or no advertisements, the CLIPPER will be run as heretofore, and information of interest to the theatrical profession is solicited from correspondents throughout the country. A "bill of the play," or a line or two, in the "hand write" of the sender, and enclosed in an envelope addressed to the NEW YORK CLIPPER, will always receive attention. Actors and actresses, minstrels, circus folks, concert and show people generally, and all others in the world of amusements, will oblige us, and consult their own interests, by keeping this department reliably posted in their "whereabouts" and "whatabouts." We make no charge, nor accept any pay, for matter inserted in this department.

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CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, Jan. 27, '62.

We have had an unpropitious week, for the weather has been of such a disagreeable nature as to prevent numbers of our people from venturing out of doors, and the auditoriums of some of our theatres have had somewhat of a blank look, in consequence. The only spicy event of the week was a new move toward the abolition of music halls. Early in the week, orders were given to the police to have removed the painted bills, signs, etc., in front of some of the lower grade of concert halls, and the order was forthwith carried into effect. Not satisfied with this, the policemen are said to have been directed to watch all persons who entered the concert halls, and, if possible, to procure their names, that they might be recorded, and information of the fact given to such as had employers. We pity the poor policeman, who, to earn bread and butter for his family, is compelled by the stern decrees of his superior officers to act the part of a spy, and to watch the movements of persons who are guilty of no offence, but who are merely seeking some means of recreation after the labors of the day are over. No doubt every policeman shrank from the disagreeable duty imposed upon him, and inwardly detested the men by whose orders he was playing the dirty part of a "dogger." We feel fully satisfied that the leaders in this crusade have overstepped their legal duties, and undertaken a self-imposed task which strikes at the liberties of every individual in this community. If the spy system is to be introduced in our concert halls, why not carry it still farther; if young men seeking amusement are to be dogged from place to place, why not, as well, watch their employers? And if employers, why not the heads of departments, the Mayor of the City, ministers of the gospel, the superintendent of police, and others who hold high heads, and preach morality. If one is deserving of the attention of the spy, the others are equally so. If all are watched, we may look for some strange developments. We may find the clergyman in the arms of the prostitute; we may trace the merchant prince to the gambling hell, "fighting the tiger" side by side with pugilists and fancy men; we may discover those who make our laws, and those who are supposed to administer them, check by jowl with the burglar and pickpocket, doing up a little job of a "political character;" we may find policemen conniving at robberies, and assisting in the escape of the thieves; we may find aldermen "contracting" with the most desperate sharpers to rob the city; the high-born lady who dwells in the Fifth Avenue may be found, with her paramour, in a fancy house in Mercer street; the temperance lecturer may be tracked to the vilest dens of infamy on the Five Points; and the lawyer who has "attained such a great reputation," may be discovered planning and scheming with the convict and "receiver." This is no fancy picture. If the spy system is really intended to improve our morals, and develope the truth, all these things may surely come to pass, and such "awful disclosures" be made as will carry conviction to the minds of the most skeptical. But the spy system will not be so enlarged; it will be confined to its present limits—to those who have not the means nor the influence to fight the monster as it should be fought. The rich and the influential will be permitted to revel in their depravity—the law maker will not be molested in his "political jobs"—the Fifth Avenue lady may continue her intrigues, and the house of assignation may welcome her and her pimp as it has welcomed them before. None of these we have enumerated will be molested; it would not pay to touch them, for they might turn the tables upon their accusers and where might it not lead to in the end? No, no, it would never do. But there may be those now "dogged," who may, in turn, take it into their heads to do a little "spying" on their own private account, and, at the proper time, make such developments as may startle those who now pretend to look with holy horror upon the concert saloon and its associations. Proprietors of music halls know their rights, and do not anticipate much trouble from the Legislature, however much that body may "talk" against them. Talk is one of Albany's "staple commodities," and those who go there are expected to do their share of speechifying. But we do not believe that our music halls will be abolished. Money is too much in demand at present to do away with that source of revenue, for our concert halls pay a yearly license of $500 each. The fact of the matter is, the music halls have interfered with other places of amusement in this city, and their "wiping out" is desirable to the future well being of these opposition houses. The business at the concert saloons has been somewhat affected by the outcry against them, and some changes have become necessary, but we do not apprehend any lasting inconvenience to those places.

The complications and amplifications attending the music hall controversy are now approaching what, in the modern classics, may well be called "a muss." The saints, of course, fall back upon their usual negative merits of avoiding all appearance of enjoyment in life, and their usual positive practice of bigoted denunciation against what they are not likely to understand. The sinners, of course, continue to go among bad company, to fry gold watches in champagne, to use bank bills of large amount as temporary curl-papers for some very temporary Venus, to get "stuck" at mock auctions, to seek solace in undrinkable drinks, and to return home with unpurchaseable headaches. People of common sense, however, who have long considered that the varied populations of a large commercial city require a proportionate variety of places for various amusements—and these in various styles also—are quite content to let such matters alone, especially since dollars are not so plentiful as formerly. In regard to our own local population, the hurry of business, the lack of time to invite lady friends, and the great probability of some temporary deficiency in the treasury immediately at hand, all combine in causing the great mass of people to favor cheap places of amusement. All analogous examples may be viewed as men of business do ordinary merchandise. Remember, the "cheap and nasty" is always dear, at any price. The "cheap and tasty" *may* be obtained with more or less facility, as circumstances may govern its production. We favor the music halls for the same reason that we formerly advocated the minstrel halls; we think that all public amusements should be placed, as much as possible, within the reach of all classes. We cannot always pick our choice of time for recreation or leisure. In a business community, many of us have to take our intellectual recreations just as business men have to get a luncheon during a busy day—as best may be. We cannot have a Fireman's Ball every evening in the year, those we love around us, and a few spare "spons" in our pockets. In the great battle of life, he is the best soldier who cheerfully performs all his duties, and then gets a "lay off" when he best can. Now, a man may be intrinsically and socially respectable—even wealthy in the worldly sense—and yet be troubled with one or the other of those imperative "shorts" which govern us all—time and money. "Time and tide tarry for no man," as the old saying goes. But many a man has to tarry for money matters, which, nevertheless, will be "all right in the mornin." Now, the most decisively American characteristic of a purely American community is the fact of their Christian hopefulness—they never hang their harps on the willows—they sit not down to weep and wail, nor await any Egyptian bondage—but quietly borrow a maxim from the London policemen, and sing out "Push along, keep moving!" If all Broadway were burned down to night, the masons' trowels would be at work for a renewal (with more improvements) to-morrow morning; at any rate, "shingles" would be up stating where the business was "removed" to. Just so in all our business and social affairs. Man proposes in the morning of life, but a higher Power disposes all our days, and mercifully views our erratic course. We make these remarks from the necessity of ventilating old fogy bigotry with some ray of intelligence, if only by analogy. Every reader knows the application. A comical instance was lately experienced by our observant young friend, Mr. Edwin James, during his travels in Europe, where he went to improve his health. [See one of his letters from London in this issue.] He set out one fine morning "to see Spurgeon;" but, Spurgeon being one of those London lions who can only be seen with a previously obtained ticket of admission, our amiable friend "fotched up" with seeing Jem Mace! Jem was in his own house, with his coat off, but his natural modest manners on, etc. Whether this deviation from original intention should be viewed as an agreeable or a disagreeable surprise, we must leave to the reader, because we never wish to speak lightly of sacred things, and we understand that Brother Spurgeon is a "heavy ticket." If we proceed to familiar illustrations nearer home, we may easily suppose a man who finds himself at the close of a tiresome day among business, with nothing but some few fractions of dollars in ready money about his pockets. Well, to go "up home" would certainly spring upon him some impossible-to-have-been-anticipated exposure, to others, of the temporary state of the (his) money market. To go among the "highly respectable" establishments on Broadway, and at the usual places of fashionable resort, without time to dress, means to "see the ladies home safely," etc., without a single "document" to show—not a "representative" of value—not a "stake"—not a "flimsy"—not a "how much do you tax me?"—not a "slip" of "quid pro quo"—not a "perfect cure" for the eyes of a barkeeper or a hackman—would not only be "simply absurd," but both simple and absurd. Now, how does Young America "exploit himself" under such circumstances? He sits not down to snivel. He rather flatters himself that all the money he has happens to be in specie. He "drops in" for an hour, or two, or three, as he may wish, at some of the music halls—making it a sort of half-way house—he pays his money, and he has his choice—where, amused with the entertainments, and inspired by observing the strict professional duty required from all public performers, he goes home with high hopes and renewed strength for the struggles of to-morrow. But, the main support of the concert halls, music halls, or whatever they should be termed (although men of all classes are there to be found), are the working classes—the early risers—the producers—the valuation producers from simple sources. All Wall street—yea, and the Board of Brokers thrown in—would stand aghast if the teeming hives of human industry were not occupied by the brawny arms or delicate fingers of our male or female operatives at the usual "bell time" every working day. In this view of the case, so far from restraining the producers of wealth in the enjoyment of such leisure as their circumstances may permit, any reasonable observer would naturally suppose that the whole subject might be left to regulate itself, under the ordinary maxims of life. If the concert halls are such bad places as is the fashion among "respectable" noodles to represent them; nothing can be more plain and certain than the bad consequences of going among such bad company and evil associations. At present, the great mass of our city population "don't see it." It there is such a terrible elephant there, they would prefer seeing "the critter" for themselves. They will not "see it" through the green spectacles of village tyrants. "Who's afeard?" Observe our noble city "getting astir" in the morning. Hark to the "Rivington Street Roosters!" Then the response from the "Albany-Basin Rattlers," on the Washington-Market side. Daylight turns up the "Whitehall Butt-Enders," and fetches in the "Trip-Hammer Boys" from Harlem. Must all these people be considered as incapable of choosing their own company, and selecting their own times or places of amusement? If so, are we obliged to get advice and restriction from Albany on a subject which has puzzled the wisest philosophers from the most ancient times—how to fashion the public amusements of a great nation. Observe the ten-hour mechanic. Shall any law dictate to him what he shall do with those few hours he can call his own? Suppose that a few greenies come to town—possibly from Albany—and get "skinned" or "cleaned out" in some place of notoriously bad (city) repute, is that any argument why cheap and easily attended places of public resort should be hampered with an invidious legislation, enough to drive every respectable citizen away from them? Put a stigma upon the most respectable establishment that ever was, and respectable people will not go there. The supposed "bad character" of concert halls is a base assumption until proved; it is as vague, but merciless, as the old puritanical objections to theatres. In our own time, we stood by the minstrel halls against years of wholesale calumny and detraction. We take pride in witnessing the general prosperity and high social position of our minstrel friends. We never thought of any reward at any time, and certainly needed none, although our own little craft was a "growing concern" also about those days. Our reward was in the mental satisfaction of advocating the free choice of the great mass of the people while visiting places of amusement. We stand upon the same platform now. We care not for big fiddles any more than little fiddles, but we contend for the right to fiddle. All amusements should be like walking in the street, free to all, but not to incommode or interrupt other persons. Our independent and uniform course enables us to care no more for any class of places of amusement than another. We benefit them far more than ever they possibly could contrive to benefit us. There are some time-serving institutions among the Press which, in former days, would on "no consideration" allow any editorial mention of minstrel or concert halls. Well, as we now observe some of them going into the subject pretty strongly, antagonistically, and pictorially, we may be allowed to infer that there now is "a consideration." We make this inference naturally, without the slightest objection to the movements of any business neighbor or contemporary, and merely allude to it now as a proof that the war of the theatres and the concert halls has really commenced in earnest. The CLIPPER'S flag is just the same as ever, for "FREE FUN AND ACTORS' RIGHTS!" There is no such thing as a "come down" about that flag—it is nailed to the mast. We shall "sail in" as usual, and carefully protect the rights of neutrals while seeing fair play to any belligerents. Let the Great Mogul managers look out. Let authors have some decent answer, within some reasonable time, whenever they offer a new play. Let performers have a chance to be fairly brought out. Let every branch of dramatic enterprise be properly presented before the judgment of the people. Fair play, boys! War is evidently declared upon the concert halls. Let the women and children be removed to safe quarters. Lock out!

Throughout the season the Broadway theatres have been very liberally patronized, and have no cause to complain. Some of them have made money. On the East side, however, we do not think the theatres have done so well. It is evident that the building of a new theatre in the Bowery has not realized those good results anticipated from it; on the contrary, it seems to be conceded that there is just one theatre too many in the lower part of the Bowery, and while both houses are in operation, neither does a great deal more than meet expenses. During the year the old Bowery was in the hands of Messrs. Fox & Lingard, those gentlemen are said to have cleared upwards of $20,000, and had they remained its managers they might have done equally well afterwards; but owing to some little disagreement between them and the agent of the property regarding an increase of rent, they threw up the house, and at once made arrangements to have built for them the new establishment they now occupy. At times, their business has been good, but taken as a whole, we much question whether they can show a surplus over expenditures. The old house has been without a tenant a portion of the time, but when occupied, it certainly interfered with the business at the new house. The new theatre appears to have been well managed, both in front and behind the curtain; but there seems to have been a something in the way to its complete success, not counted upon when the contract was entered into for its erection. The rent paid for it by its present occupants, is said to be a very heavy item in the bill of expenses, and as the prices of admission are lower than those of any other theatre in the city, it follows that a large attendance of paying patrons is necessary to make both ends meet. Altogether, we fear that the experiment of establishing a new theatre on the Bowery, has not thus far answered the expectations of the gentlemen interested in the speculation. It would have been much better had Messrs. FOX & LINGARD remained at the old house. A portion of their first year's earnings would have enabled them to make such alterations and improvements as were deemed necessary, and they would have had the entire field to themselves, without the danger of the fire in the rear which now holds them in check. The old house still has hosts of friends, for it is endeared to them by old-time associations, and pleasant recollec-

sons of happy hours passed there with some of the best performers the stage ever produced. No doubt an effort will be made before the next season commences, to put the "old homestead" in shipshape order, and, with a good company, endeavor to make it the popular resort for East-siders. At present it is occupied by Mr. Stickney and his circus.

Probably Niblo's has done the best week's business; the nights on which Mr. Hackett appeared, in conjunction with the great combination company, the theatre was well filled, as it should be, when such an extraordinary galaxy of talent is offered for public consideration. On the evening of the 21st, the tragic play of "Jane Shore" was produced, and attracted a crowded house. On the 25th, it was repeated. Altogether, the merits of the combination are beginning to be properly appreciated. This evening, 27th, Mr. Hackett will make his third appearance.

Broadway Music Hall has been sold out by Mr. Butler, who has used it as a concert saloon since it was vacated by Mr. Wallack. Mr. Butler will now be enabled to give more of his attention to that popular little place of his—American Concert Hall, 444 Broadway—one of the most profitable establishments of the kind in the country.

The "Naiad Queen" was repeated all last week at the Winter Garden, and, with Mr. J. S. Clarke, attracted a fair share of patronage. Other pieces of interest were produced during the week. The "Queen" is still on.

Hooley's Minstrels continue to meet with favor at their little hall, at the Stuyvesant Institute. This band gives a really excellent show. Their funny business being as good as any we have listened to of late, and their vocalization being of a very fair order. They "do" "Gideon's Band" in the most laughable manner, provoking the risibilities of the audience to a "fearful extent."

The legitimate runs well at Wallack's, the business being sufficiently encouraging to warrant the manager in "running the machine" according to the same guage. The "Honey Moon" was produced last week with a splendid cast.

Bryants did well last week, but the business was not quite up to the average. Othello was the "tragedy" performed, in which the great combination of tragedians, Bryant and Horn, took the most prominent characters. Mr. Daniel Bryant, in his rendition of the Jusky Moor, gave a most telling delineation of the pangs of horror created by the green-eyed monster. His outbursts of passion were terrible to contemplate, and riveted the attention of the audience in the most marked degree. He was repeatedly applauded. Mr. Bryant reminds us very forcibly of Charles Kemble in his palmiest days. Desdemona, the child of unforseen circumstances, found an able representative in the person of that rapidly rising tragedienne, E. Horn. The look of unutterable woe which she manifests when confronted by her lord with his evidences of her supposed guilt, the deep despair depicted in her every feature; the wild screech of agony which she utters when squelched by the uncompromising pillow of her unfeeling and disingenuous hubby; the dying groan, the smothered sob, and—"pop goes the weasel"—all, all, were given with a life-like fidelity which genius only can portray, and which we were unprepared to expect from such a young and gushing thing as E Horn. Shakespeare's characters are the emanations of a master mind, and it is only through the masterly conception of such performers as those we have above referred to, that their points of greatness are placed clearly within our comprehension. To those who would see Shakespeare portrayed in all its lights and shades, let us recommend the tragic performances now being given by Bryants' Minstrels.

The living whale at Barnum's, although not *positively* known to be the one that swallowed Jonah, is near enough like it to answer, in the absence of evidence to the contrary. We are borne out in our theory that Barnum's whale is Jonah's whale, from the fact that Barnum's well known piety would induce him, in giving instruction for the capture of whales, to suggest the importance of looking very carefully after the whale which has become a household word with us, through its marvellous feat of swallowing such a well known character as Jonah; further than this, it is a well-ascertained fact, that, after casting up Jonah, the whale headed in the very direction where the whale on exhibition at the Museum was captured, and as we have had no evidence of its turning up in any *other* cruising grounds, it is but fair to infer that we have *the* whale that played such an important part in the early history of this great metropolis, for, according to Rollin's Ancient History, or some more modern work, Jonah must have hailed, originally, from New York; to corroborate which we have but to point to the many like characters that now infest this city, and whose proclivities denote their Jonahian origin. Were further proof really necessary to establish our pedigree, and trace our lineage to Mr. Jonah, we might refer to our propensity for swallowing everything which Barnum offers, showing the connecting link between the whale, Jonah, and the metropolitans. We think we have fully established our point. Another evidence of Barnum's scriptural antecedents is the pious hippopotamus now on exhibition there, and a lot of pious monkeys. In addition to prayer meetings, Barnum's lecture room is occupied by the dramatic troupe attached to the Museum, and the spectacle of the Naiad Queen is now the attraction.

Linton, Nichols & Co.'s circus, that departed from this city in the ship Utah, Dec. 6th, 1860, for Buenos Ayres, Rio Janeiro, etc., has not been heard from for a long period, and much anxiety prevails among the families of those connected with the troupe, here, in regard to them. Mrs. Bliss, whose husband, Charles Bliss, travels with the concern, calls our attention to the fact.

If there is any one thing the public admires more than another, it is that spirited resistance to oppressive and unjust action which is elicited from all who possess a spark of true independence of character. This it was that attracted, on the 21st ult., rainy, chilly and disagreeable as was the weather, the select and fashionable audience that was assembled in the concert room of the Brooklyn Athenæum, to greet Mrs. Wood, after the cavalier treatment she had experienced at the hands of the "unco pious" directors of the Academy of Music. They had repudiated her style of acting as something so objectionable that the Brooklyn public could not tolerate it; with true womanly spirit, however, she appealed to a higher court, and the public reversed the judgment of the lower court, and gave a verdict in her favor, which must be as gratifying to her as it was doubtless to the self-constituted censors of the public morals who issue their edicts from the Montague Street Temple. Mrs. Wood appeared in the dramatic sketch of "Jenny Lind," and the amusing comedietta of "Somebody Else," the whole attraction of which lays in the ability with which the principal character in each piece is enacted. To say that she performed both in her usual admirable manner is but faint praise, for in voice, dress, and style, she appeared to far greater advantage than we have seen her for some time past. Her charming *espieglerie*, and natural personation of her characters, was never more manifested than in her rendition of Minnie, in Planche's comedietta of "Somebody Else;" and in "Jenny Lind," her inimitable powers of burlesque were fully displayed. She was enthusiastically received on her appearance, and warmly applauded throughout. The orchestra, under the direction of Koppitz, performed the overture to Zampa, and the popular Nightingale polka, composed by Koppitz himself, in excellent style; and the actress of the evening was also ably assisted in the minor characters by Mrs. Skerrett, and Messrs. Baker, Walcot Jr., and others. Altogether, the first appearance in Brooklyn of the charming and fascinating comedienne, Mrs. John Wood, was a most gratifying success, both to the lady herself and her many ardent admirers in the city of churches. Her second appearance, on the 22d, was still more gratifying, for the house was crowded, and the enthusiasm of the most marked character. Brooklyn needs a theatre, instead of an Academy. Who has the spirit to make a move in that direction?

The Myers Children intend giving their second entertainment at Irving Hall, on the 21st Feb.

Manager Grau returns from Philadelphia on the 28th Jan. "La Traviata" and Miss Kellogg leave their benediction (for the last time at present) in that city on the 27th. So we (us and Brooklyn) are likely to have eight or ten opera nights. After that, the Grau Troupe go to Boston.

Senorita Isabella Cubas is among the attractions soon returning to the Winter Garden. May we be there to see!

Mrs. John Wood and John H. Collins are soon to appear in "The Colleen Bawn" at Niblo's. There's a team!

The French Dramatic Soirees are progressing finely. Dodworth's Hall was abandoned after the first performance. The second took place at Irving Hall on the 21st, and the third on the 28th Jan.

The usual army of lecturers bursting with knowledge, seem to be around; but as, with all their knowledge, they know not how to advertise, the public let them alone, and their few hearers get "orful bad" colds.

In proof of what we have several times asserted, in relation to the practice at many theatres, and showing that a refreshment saloon is not a very wonderful or rare adjunct on the premises, we detach the following tail-piece from the usual bill of one of the city theatres:—

"NOTICE.—A Refreshment Saloon is connected with the Theatre, with an entrance from the lobby, where Ales, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, &c., will be found, of a superior quality. Oysters and other refreshments."

The *Tribune* asserts that "fairy pieces are not generally interesting to adults." No other paper had such cold-blooded news.

The health of Laura Keene is said to have been severely shocked lately by severe colds, but we hope soon to record her recovery.

At the Winter Garden there is some talk of removing "The Naiad Queen," and giving place to "The Octoroon."

One of the "high old times" at the indomitable Old Bowery comes off on the 31st (Friday), when Dan Rice and his intelligent pupil, the white horse Excelsior, will be on the look out for a benefit. Of course, they must stand or fall together. Like master, like horse. The humorous Dan will prove himself more of a humorist than ever, and the horse will prick up both ears at once for a jolly time. All the items on the bill are extra attractive, and Dan Rice's "biography" alone, is worth opera-house prices. From present appearances of the box book, one of those good old audiences in which "everybody happy" is sure to be present.

Our American Cousin, at Laura Keene's, "is received nightly with shouts of laughter, and unceasing applause;" but this sort of thing don't pay. It requires full houses to make money; laughter and such like are very well in their places, but managers prefer to see the cash, rather than listen to "unceasing applause." Laura is not doing well. We hear she has something new in hand, which she intends to play as soon as she thinks she can rake down the persimmons. In the meantime, she is supposed to be satisfied with the public's unceasing approval of "Our Cousin."

Stickney's National Circus continues to occupy the old Bowery Theatre. Last week, Dan Rice commenced an engagement there, with his blind horse Excelsior, Jr., and the comic mules. Dan met with a warm reception, Dan was reported to have been a secessionist whilst performing in the Southern States, and to have returned to his allegiance to the Union after he had crossed the borders, and landed on Union soil. He is said to have contradicted the statement, but others maintain that the charge is strictly correct, and that the "humorist" did carry water on both shoulders.

Among the arrivals last week were Max Maretzek and wife, from Havana.

Of course Manager James M. Nixon does the business for Mr. Ford Fest, in Brooklyn. Let the pious committees shew their hands now

Those who remember the admirable style in which the Ravels produced "Mazulm" at Niblo's now have a fine opportunity for an agreeable comparison by seeing that pleasing piece as produced at the Canterbury Music Hall, 585 Broadway, where many of the Ravel original artists are at present engaged, and continue to give it in a style never yet equaled. A. M. Hernandez and Miss Adelaide Price, and the entire company, seem determined to make this the most superb rendering of "Mazulm" ever yet seen. The tricks are more numerous and better than ever.

The Hutchinson Family resumed business in this quarter at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, on the 27th Jan.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

The world moves, and progress is the order of the day. One of the most remarkable inducements to attract a crowded house was offered in Philadelphia last week, by the "Continental Old Folks," who are giving a series of their peculiar entertainments at Musical Fund Hall, in that city. This extraordinary feature of their concerts was an announcement in the public prints that a *bona fide* marriage of two of their members would be duly solemnized before a public audience at a concert to be given by the troupe on Thursday evening, Jan. 23d. By some, the announcement was looked upon as a joke, merely intended to fill the house; but through various sources it gradually became known that a marriage was really intended, and the ladies began to make arrangements to attend. The eventful evening came, and at an early hour the entrance to the hall was besieged by a throng eager for admittance. There was but one ticket seller, and the crush to get to him was tremendous. Men, women, and children were mixed up, helter skelter, in one promiscuous mass. The women were largely in the majority, and elbowed their way through the crowd with as much energy as though they belonged to the Woman's Rights society; and as marriage is *one* of their rights, they seemed bound to be "in at the death." There was such a pressure inside the entrance hall, and such a dense crowd waiting outside to get in, that it was found necessary to close the doors until those in had been ticketed, and sent up stairs into the large hall. By half past seven o'clock, the large room was crowded, there being some 1700 persons present, three-fourths of whom, probably, were of the gentler sex. Father Gulick, and two or three others of the troupe, dressed in their olden time costumes, assisted in seating the people. At 8 o'clock the Old Folks appeared on the stage attired in all sorts of rig, and among them were the bride and bridess, and groom, and groomess; the bride was appareled in ye quaint style of one hundred years ago, and represented an ancient dame; her dress was of some fawn colored material, "high waisted," no hoops, and nothing else, apparently; on her head she wore a two story muslin cap, extending forward something like those big bonnets worn by our modern ladies. The groom sat behind her, attired as an old time Yankee; long surtout coat, of a drab color; pants, rather short in the legs, to match, fiery drab vest, and a bell-crown hat, which, it is said, was worn by Mr. Mealio, hatter, of New York, a quarter of a century ago. The concert was commenced—anthems, hymns, and songs were sung, and at last Father Gulick stepped forward and announced that the "Star Spangled Banner" would close the concert, after which the marriage ceremony would be performed, on the stage, in presence of the audience; and in view of the solemn nature of the scene they were about to witness, he requested that the utmost order should be preserved. Our "National Hymn" was given with effect, and then "the stage was cleared for action," the "Old Folks" retiring to an adjoining apartment. The women in the audience were in great apprehension that they would not have a good sight; and they wriggled, and squirmed, and fumed, and fussed; and we verily believe that nearly every female in that assemblage had one foot under her, to lift her a little higher; but, taking everything into consideration, they behaved themselves remarkably well. Father Gulick soon appeared with the bride and groom, followed by the other members of the troupe, and from the opposite side of the stage entered the minister, Rev. Charles Wadsworth, D. D. The company arranged themselves on either side of the "happy couple" who were about to be united—the "candidates" being in the centre, Father Gulick behind them, and the minister in front. The utmost silence was observed as the Reverend gentleman made a short address, referring to the solemnity of the vows about to be taken, the influence of which might be felt in ages to come. He then offered up a prayer, the audience bowing their heads in orthodox style, and at its conclusion the "union of hands, and the union of hearts" took place, the vows were taken, and after another prayer, Mr. Holloway and Miss Annoble were pronounced man and wife. Father Gulick attempted to kiss the bride, but she evaded him, and gave the first kiss to her husband, and then Father Gulick had his turn, followed by the various members of the company, who congratulated the bride and groom upon their union. There was no noise, no confusion, and not the slightest whisper could be heard among the audience during the ceremony. All seemed to be impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and all acted in accordance therewith. The audience were then invited down stairs, into another hall, where doughnuts and cider were served out to them, according to the custom of our ancestors. And thus ended a noteworthy event in the way of amusements. Its success will doubtless prompt others to follow suit, and we may be called upon to record marriages on the stage of the theatre, as well as upon the boards of the concert room. A word about the "Old Folks." The troupe is not equal to Father Kemp's old party, although there are several of his most prominent members in the company, Mrs. Nichols being one of them.

The beautiful Spanish danseuse, Senorita Isabel Cubas, having recovered from her late indisposition, makes her *debut* in Washington at the Theatre, on Jan. 27th, for six nights only. A manager of one of our New York saloons has published a challenge for the fair Cubas to appear against his *premier danseuse*. Senorita Cubas has engagements with first-class theatres up to the middle of April. Col. T. Allston Brown is her business agent.

Mr. Chanfrau commences an engagement at Columbus, Ohio, on the 3d, and at St. Louis, for Manager De Bar, on the 17th Feb.

Professor Whitney, the elocutionist, of Binghampton, N. Y., has been reading from the poets and orators in the West. His recitations before the Mercantile Association of Cincinnati, netted $200 for the benefit of the poor.

Miss Kimberly commences an engagement at Geo. Wood's, Cincinnati, on the 17th.

According to the statistics of copyrights, for 1861, we find only twenty three dramatic compositions.

A new local farce, called "Boiled Alive," has been produced at the Boston Museum. Any wheelbarrows in it? Messrs. Ring and Hardenberg must be irresistible as Wendell Smugs and Garrison Phelps.

An indicative circumstance recently occurred at the Central Court in Paris. A journeyman, named Da Costa, begged to be excused from serving, on the ground that he was chief of the *claque* (or hired band of applauders) at the Ambigu Comique Theatre. M. Oscar de Vallee, Advocate General, questioned this claim to exemption, and observed that M. Da Costa's duties only required his presence at the theatre in the evening. To this argument, however, the latter replied that he was obliged to attend rehearsals, in order to know what passages were to be applauded, and the court ultimately held that the occupation of clapping hands at a theatre was essentially "manual" labor within the meaning of the law of 1853, regulating the composition of juries. M. Da Costa was therefore struck out of the panel.

Herrmann's next route is towards the Great West, by way of Albany, Pittsburgh, etc.

Fanny Kemble's farewells are really excruciating, and may well be called "Much Adieu About Nothing."

Among the recent coinages of derived words, we now find our correspondents using "elephantinetatorializtion." Those performing elephants at the Boston Theatre must stand responsible for this.

The St. Louis Varieties, under manager Deagle, seems to progress in favor and improvement, notwithstanding the present unsettled state of that city.

The way Miss Emma Leona drives that whale in harness at the Boston Aquarial Gardens has produced another coinage of a word likely to meet the case. This is "balænapiscimaritraction." Very like a whale!

Mr. Knorn, the husband of Marion Webster, is said to have felt quite aggrieved lately in Pittsburgh, at the supposition that he could be so "credulous" as to expect $50 a week for services of self and wife, in these hard times.

Manager Esher, in St. Louis, has greatly increased the attractions lately at his Bowery Theatre and Concert Hall, so that the old-school managers must wake up, and see to what is going on. Why not all flourish together?

Buckley's Minstrels and Opera Troupe concertised and operatized at Binghampton, N. Y., on the 18th ult.

The Alleghanians and Swiss Bell Ringers were at Elmira, N. Y., on the 17th and 18th ult., also at Rochester, on the 24th and 25th.

From St. Louis, Mo., January 21st, our attentive correspondent, "Seneca," thus writes:—FRIEND QUEEN: Miss Kimberly commenced a two weeks' engagement at the St. Louis Theatre, last night, in "Camille," to a very good house. Although anything but an admirer of the play, I thought Miss Kimberly's scene with Armand's father, a very fine piece of acting, and her general performance superior to that of most who undertake the part. Miss Kimberly will be followed on the 6th prox. by Jo. Proctor, if nothing unforeseen occurs.....Heller, the magician, opens at Library Hall tomorrow night, in "Magic, Mystery, Music, and Second Sight." I am afraid he will find Anderson has taken the cream of the business, but still, as he is a good fellow, I hope his "goose may hang high."..... The Melodeon troupe have left these scenes for "pastures new," at Springfield, Ill., and for two weeks will enlarge the visual organs of the country members, now assembled in the capitol of the Sucker State; after which, and the refitting of their hall, they will again delight the frequenters of their old stamping ground, the Melodeon Hall.....The Bowery still flourishes "like a green bay tree."..... Varieties Music Hall was packed last night, to see the production of "Filadaun," with new scenery and appointments. Deagle has made a hit in opening the Varieties, and has now been under way long enough to feel assured, I should think, that such is the fact. I wrote you two weeks since that Nick Woolsey had taken Johnny Boyce's place as "end man" at the Varieties; please accept the amendment of Nick Foster's name instead. All the other members of the company remain the same—great favorites as ever.....I predict for J. Wilkes Booth, upon his return to St. Louis a few months hence, a most cordial and substantial greeting. In Miss Wyette, Mr. Reed, Mr. Hagan, and Mr. Allen, he met with the support he needed; when he returns may he be as ably sustained, say I.

Those Webb Sisters, Ada and Emma, keep weaving away at Cleveland, Ohio. Miss Ada has recovered her usual good health.

Mr. Joseph Proctor had a benefit on the 24th Jan., at the Academy of Music, Milwaukee.

Why "The Colleen Bawn" was stopped at the Ambigu, in Paris, remains a very ambiguous mystery.

The recent advices from Havana represent operatic business as very good. Signor Coba, the present lessee of the Tacon Theatre, had just obtained a renewal of his lease for the next four years.

J. H. Reynolds, balladist, has left Milwaukee to join the new company at Edwards and Brownell's Concert Hall, Wheeling, Va.

"The Sons of Malta" continue to get exposed at the Royal Lyceum, Toronto.

Charles Bass and Miss McCarthy have been deservedly well received in Indianapolis. The Falstaff of the former is allowed to be a heavy ticket, and the "coming through the rye," and other songs of the latter, are also much admired.

Dick Sands had a benefit at the Metropolitan, Rochester, N. Y., on the 23d Jan.

Frank Howard makes an efficient stage manager at Chadduck's Music Hall, Milwaukee. The place is doing well. One proprietor, Norm. Cadwell, is well known as a pedestrian, and the other, J. V. Chadduck, "Bub Chad," is a master of the violin.

John P. Gardner's Young Folks appeared at the old Brick Church, New Haven, Conn., and were well received.

Winchell found great encouragement recently at Louisville, Ky., although "drolleries" seem somewhat out of place, these days.

Louisville has its Female Zouaves as well as Boston, and Mozart Hall is their usual drilling ground. Tim Woodruff is stage manager. While the Louisville Theatre is only so so, Mozart Hall is highly popular and engages admirable performers. By the way, J. C. Carroll and W. H. Griffin (Master Willie) recently had a trial dance for a silver cup. The prize was awarded to Willie, and presented by Mr. Carroll.

In our issue of the 18th Jan., while speaking of Mr. John T. Raymond's departure from the Troy Adelphi and his arrival in New York, we inadvertently stated more than intended—"the non-arrival of Peter Richings and Caroline Richings, and the usual wardrobe." The fact is, Mr. Richings and Miss Richings were on hand, but the professional wardrobe was not. We cheerfully correct the error made in transcribing from hurried memoranda, because we well know that if Peter has a "propensity" for anything, it is for punctuality.

L. C. Bemmer, the banjoist at the Gayety, Albany, was recently presented with a cap, valued at $30, by the hands of W. J. Cowell, from "the boys of Fort Albany."

Although the Fakir of Ava labels his gift horse "Gift Horse to be Given Away," he does not always have easy times. In Pittsburgh, lately, the Fakir seems to have had his generosities much misunderstood. A recent issue of the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* states—"The Fakir of Ava called at the Mayor's office yesterday, and desired to know what it would cost him to whip six men. He was evidently annoyed at something that had been said of him, or of his attempt at humbuggery, by certain parties, and appeared bent on having satisfaction, expressing his belief in his ability to "put through" at least six of the obnoxious persons at the same time. The Mayor's clerk, Mr. Barnhill, informed him that such a proceeding would cost him considerable, naming a large amount, as he would probably be required to answer at court for such a display of his pugilistic powers as he proposed. The Fakir then inquired, in case what he proposed to do would bring him within the jurisdiction of the Mayor, what the extent of the fine would probably be. After learning that the Mayor was limited in fines for breaches of the peace to twenty five dollars, the Fakir left, apparently satisfied." Now, $25 a lick is "not dear at the price," but why does not the Fakir turn his enemies into pigeons, rabbits, etc?

Miss Bateman is to succeed Matilda Heron at the Boston Museum, and commences on the 3d Feb.

Mr. Charles Dickens read his "Nicholas Nickolby at Mr. Squeer's School," on Monday, December 30th, and "Mr. Bob Sawyer's Party," from Pickwick, on Tuesday, the 31st, to crowded houses, at the Broad Street Music Hall, Birmingham, Eng.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul gave three entertainments in Christmas week at the Broad Street Music Hall, Birmingham, Eng., and were greeted with a numerous and fashionable audience each night. Mrs. P. was laboring under a severe cold, but rather than disappoint her admirers, she very pluckily fulfilled her engagement. Mr. H. P. has picked up some new wrinkles by his visit to New York, and assisted by Miss Lavener, who wore a very, very low necked dress, as Sister Ann, in a burlesque of "Bluebeard," with Miss Lydia White at the piano, the "firm" have cause to rejoice. On the 31st Dec., they appeared at Wolverhampton, twelve miles from Birmingham.

At the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, Eng., Manager Ed. Stirling has been very successful with his new pantomime, called "Harlequin and the Sleeping Beauty."

Mr. Chute, of the New Theatre, Moor street, Birmingham, Eng., has produced the fairy spectacle of "Cinderella," and it is having a good run, in spite of the hard times.

From present appearances at Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Opera House, Boston, those "boys" seem likely to keep on making their "New Year Calls" all the year round. We think that some people may get jealous by and by, and we ask our fair friends if this is fair. Ned Bower's new song and dance, "The Contraband's Visit," was very successful all last week, and Lon Morris always provides some new attraction for every evening.

We are rather callous to sensation accidents, sudden and munificent legacies from some distant country, and all that sort of thing, usually designed to bring some performer's name in to notice with a sensation paragraph. But a good thing is said to have come off at the Holliday Street, Baltimore, the other evening. A young man, seated in the parquet, became very drowsy during the performance of the last act in "The Three Guardsmen," and proceeded to make a thorough disrobement as if to retire for the night. The sleepy subject had to be removed before he could awake, and roars of laughter followed his removal. Tell it not to Dumas.

From Providence, R. I., under date of Jan. 21, we learn from "Young America" that amusements are doing better and better every day; at the Providence Theatre, Mr. J. C. Myers manager, is growing into public favor. He says:—"I visited it last evening. The play was "The Stranger," Mr. Myers sustaining the part of the Stranger and Miss Mann that of Mrs. Haller. It was well performed in all respects. To night is set apart for the benefit of Miss Mann, on which occasion "The Duchess of Malfi" will be presented..... Herrmann the "prestidigitateur" was greeted by full houses every evening while here. He promises to return shortly. The greatest compliment that I have heard paid him was that by a scholar of our High School. In a composition on the subject of witchcraft he closes with "If Herrmann, with the formidable name of 'Prestidigitateur,' had flourished in the year 1692, he would probably have been hung as a wizard'.....The Italian Opera, Signor Nuno conductor, opened here on the 22d inst., bringing out with great effect the opera of 'La Traviata.' The weather was bad, and they did not have a very full house. They repeat the same to night."

The proprietor of the Alhambra Concert Hall, Philadelphia, is said to be making money. This may be correct, for we have sent him bills for advertising in the CLIPPER, and we have yet to receive the first line in acknowledgment. He may not have received our letters, and we have taken this method of calling his attention to the matter.

George Cadwalader Sanders, better known as the "Philadelphia Infant Drummer," died at Camp Observation, on the 22d Jan., of typhoid fever. He was attached to Col. Owens' Regiment, as drummer boy, and at the time of his death was fourteen years of age. Several years ago, he became quite noted in Philadelphia, on account of his remarkable performances upon the drum.

Hermann, the magician, is in New Jersey. He is announced to give an entertainment in Newark, this evening, Jan 27th. The Prestidigitateur has not met with much success since the novelty of the thing has worn off.

Alexandria, Va., carries on bravely with two concert halls. At Liberty Hall, Frank Wyant leads in the funny business. At Concert Hall, King street, Lydia White and Johnny Boyd seem to win the most applause. Both halls have good companies. Miss Mary Walton is represented as dangerously ill.

John Drew, John H. Collins, and Barney Williams, must look to their laurels, for James Unsworth, the indefatigable Bones of Rumsey & Newcomb's minstrels, has recently come out, it is said, as an out-and-out Irishman at Manchester, Sheffield, Liverpool, etc., and always with the most flattering success. Rumsey & Newcomb's party have found similar favor in London, where they renewed business on the 6th Jan., at St. Martin's Hall. Unsworth's "Paddy McFadden" is fully endorsed by Irish approval, and his "stump oratory" has (attracted) almost the parliamentary sanction. James Unsworth thus bids fair to prove that there is considerable vitality among the (artistic) Bones.

While Capt. Smith's boys and Adah Isaacs Menken are doing the legitimate "Mazeppa" in Albany, Charley Lewis's boys at the Gayety Music Hall, of that ilk, have been getting out a screaming burlesque, composed by Mr. Roberts, the property man at the latter house. The "contrasts" are said to be "vivid."

We have discovered "which" of the travelling Glass Blowers is called the National Troupe. Charlie Smith is the agent. They opened at Fireman's Hall, Detroit, on the 30th January. They were detained two weeks longer than had been expected at Chicago, from the fact that their advertisement in the CLIPPER caused the Chicago people to detain them for a continuation of patronage. This accounts for the National Troupe going (apparently) out of sight from their expected movements during those two weeks. However, such detentions as those are easily forgiven by the treasurer.

We have in our possession thirty-three notices from the London press relating to Mr. Sothern's Lord Dundreary, and all in the actor's favor.

Manager W. B. English has once more placed the National Theatre Concert Hall, in Boston, on the road to success. Last week he added to his stock the following well known performers from New York. Miss Jenny Lamart, vocalist; Julia Morgan, dancer; Billy West and George Warren, ethiopianists; Frank Morgan, the lilliputian clown; W. C. Morgan, acrobat, and Sig. Covello, pantomimist. In two weeks more he intends introducing to a Boston audience, Galletti, Rose Siegrist, Kate Pennoyer, Gus Walby, Valleroli and Ronzani, with a full corps de ballet.

Commend us to our German friends whenever some legal impossibility is to be gradually overcome by patient perseverance. They beat Daniel O'Connell at "surrounding" the enemy, and can drive a "coach and six" through any law or impediment they please. A short season of German Opera was commenced at the Brooklyn Academy of Music by Mr. C. Prox, on the 24th Jan., with "Der Freischutz." The principal performers are all praiseworthy, and the choruses are filled from the Brooklyn, Thalia, and Independent Turner singing societies.

As the reason of the dispute between G. V. Brooke and the manager of the Theatre Royal, Belfast, is now said to have been because the latter wished the former to perform on the date of the funeral of Prince Albert, we are inclined to believe that public opinion sustains Mr. Brooke in his refusal.

About a dozen celebrated performers have been added to the company at the National Concert Hall, Boston, and somewhat improved the business.

Wm. Woodroffe's Bohemian Troupe of Glass Blowers wound up a good business of six weeks recently in Albany by presenting their agent, E. J. White, with a handsome gold watch. On the 25th Jan., they opened in Troy, and "going to see the Blowers" is now one of the modern sports among the modern Trojans.

"Three blind mice, see how they run." We are reminded of this old song while reading in our recent European files about a curious marriage lately at the Hotel de Ville, at Brussels. Two musical artists, both deprived of sight, M. Dubois and Mdlle. Petitjean, were united, and among the witnesses was M. Rodenbach, the blind member of the Chamber of Representatives. "Love's blind, they say."

Mr. G. C. Boniface is said to be engaged as a sort of dramatic chaplain among the camp theatres now in use on the Potomac.

That Defiance Theatre at Cairo, Ill., seems to prosper, and arrangements are already making by its spirited proprietors, Williams & Wood, for the spring and summer season that commences on the 1st March. This is the way for the Defiance to defy all competition.

From Philadelphia, under date of Jan. 13th, we have the following theatrical discourse from our correspondent, "Young Rapid":—ED. CLIPPER—DEAR SIR: At the Arch, John Drew, the distinguished Irish comedian, is creating a great *furore* in our amusement circles. He has much improved since his voyage round the world; his conceptions of character and his acting are as near perfect as possible. He has produced this week a new adaptation of "Handy Andy," by Sterling Coyne, altered to suit the powers of Mr. Drew. His rendition of this character is a gem, and keeps the audience laughing immoderately from the rising to the falling of the curtain. Mr. Drew's present engagement will be a short one, as he is obliged to return almost immediately to Dublin to fulfil engagements already entered into. It is almost a settled fact, that Mr. Drew will return to this country in less than four months after his departure, and, in conjunction with William Wheatley, once more assume the management of the old Arch. This establishment has never been so successful as when under the former management of those gentlemen and true artists, and we hail with joy their return once more. They have become so identified with the success of this theatre, that it is impossible for it to survive without them. No better proof of this is needed than the frightfully bad business during the first of this season, and the great revival of business since Mr. Drew returned.....At the Walnut, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams have drawn crowded houses every night. Since they made their *debut*, no matter how unpropitious the weather may be, every seat is occupied when the curtain goes up; and on their benefit nights it is impossible to find standing room. The drama of "The Lakes of Killarney" was produced on Monday last, with six new scenes, and the attendance has been very flattering. Barney's Cara Speza's singing of "Bobbing Around," and "Independence Day," are as popular as ever, and she is sure to have to repeat them at least three times on every occasion. Barney's agent, Mr. Clarke, an old stager, is one of the most gentlemanly men in the business.....At the Continental, Manager McKeon has produced the highly interesting drama of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr. W. H. (old man) Bailey is Uncle Tom; and Mrs. Henry Chapman, Topsy; La Petite Blanche Chapman, Eva; and Miss Jennie Parker (who has recovered from her late sickness) as Eliza Harris. Mr. Thomas Weir, who retired from the stage some time since, and lately returned from the wars, makes his *debut*, as Legree, his original character. The piece is strongly cast in every particular, and I predict for it a long run.....Sanford's Opera House continues to do a very good business. Frank Moran and Dixey are as funny as ever. Mr. Schwicardi, the celebrated basso, has been added to the troupe. Mr. Paine, the ballad singer, would practice gesticulation and try to be a little graceful, his appearance on the stage would not be so excruciating as it is to the audience..... Dupont & Gaylord's Campbell Minstrels opened at Concert Hall on Tuesday evening last for six nights. The attendance was quite small. On Wednesday evening I attended, and a more miserable set of performers I never saw "mountebanking." With but one exception, the instrumental and vocal abilities of those gentlemen are the lowest of any in the business. The cornet solo by Mr. Frank Malone was the only respectable performance during the evening. Mr. Frank Boudinet, late of the Cooper Opera Troupe, was announced on the bills in large letters, but he did not show forth, he not being engaged with this troupe at all. What is known as the *olio* business, was attempted by the several members of the company, but it was old business, and very badly done.....The Melodeon, with Galletti, Ogden, Sharpley, Eva Brent, &c., forming a grand Combination Company, have been doing a very good business indeed, although, on some nights the attendance has been very slim. It is impossible for Rivers to make a dollar from this engagement, owing to the enormous salaries paid to the artists, and the double expense of his own company. Galletti receives from George Lea, the New York manager, $100 every week, for the next three months. Sam Sharpley receives $60—and Ogden, $80 for each week's performance, to perform in New York, or any city that said Lea chooses to send them.....At Butler's Olympic, the old favorites, Sam Long, W. A. Wray, and Denny Gallagher, have returned to the scenes of their former triumphs. Business at this house continues first-rate. The matinees given at this place are highly successful, it being impossible to obtain standing room; and last Saturday hundreds were turned away..... Before the Grand Jury, yesterday, for the December term, a complaint was made against the concert saloons. The complaint was that "they are very injurious to the morals of the community, the increase in the number of drinking and concert saloons, particularly where liquor is dealt out by women of doubtful character to minors." Judge Allison replied that he should call the attention of the District Attorney to the fact.....The Continental Old Folks consisting of thirteen voices, and an orchestra of seven, opened at Musical Fund Hall on Monday, and have continued through the week to excellent houses. Mrs. Emma Nichols, formerly of "Father Kemp's" is in the company. She is the sweetest ballad singer ever seen in America. In England she created the wildest excitement, and her name was on the tongue of every one who had the least taste for music. In London she sang for six weeks in Exeter Hall, and was pronounced without an equal in the English concert rooms. The style of singing of the present company is somewhat different from that of Father Kemp's. Although they are dressed in the ancient costume, their programme is interspersed with quite a number of beautiful ballads sung by Mrs. Nichols and Mrs. Shepard. Several very popular Union songs are sung in a very artistic manner. The evening's entertainment closes with the Star Spangled Banner, our national ensign, pure, simple,—its voice is ever of Union and Liberty—of the Constitution and the Laws. May a merciful God cover the heads of each one of its brave defenders in the hour of battle. On Thursday evening an entirely novel and extraordinary entertainment took place, consisting of a grand old fashioned wedding. Mr. Henry E. Holloway and Hattie A. Annable, known on the bills as "Cousin Reuben" and "Granny Slocum," were united in marriage by the Rev. Chas. Wadsworth, D. D., Pastor of the Arch Street Presbyterian Church of this city. The ceremony took place on the stage at the close of the concert and in presence of the entire audience, which numbered over seventeen hundred people, the hall being very crowded. This company take a short route from here, and then leave for San Francisco. Success attend them wherever they go, for they are very talented and deserve it.....The French Zouave Dramatic Company were announced to give a grand entertainment at the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening last. It being an established rule at this hall for the rent to be paid at an early hour on the day that any performance is to take place, and the present company being in very straightened circumstances, were unable to "show forth," and in consequence, the Directors would not allow the house to be opened. I feel very sorry for this troupe, for they are strangers in a foreign land, and without money.....Uncle Frank Brower commences a star engagement at Sanford's Opera House, Harrisburgh, on the 27th. Uncle Frank created a great excitement in this city on Walnut street, this morning, by appearing in a full suit of regimentals—that of a Major, and mounted upon a highly mettled steed. Frank says that he is bound to make the "fluto-a Gilders" wake up. What! what!.....Miss Julia Mortimer, a very sweet and fascinating vocalist, and Mr. and Mrs. Anna Bordwell, now attached to the Alhambra, leave this city on Sunday next. Miss Mortimer has been engaged by Lea, of the New York Melodeon. Master Alfred Stewart, of the same saloon, leaves on Saturday, and goes to Wm. B. English's Boston Music Hall..... Mr. John E. McDonough, who has just concluded a very successful engagement in Baltimore, has been engaged by a society in that city to give a dramatic reading in that city shortly, at the Maryland Institute.....A Grand Carnival Skating Scene will take place at the Academy of Music in this city on Washington's birth-day, for the benefit of George Hood, the gentlemanly agent for the Directors of this establishment.....On Thursday evening I visited all the places of amusement, and I never saw so many people at the "shows," or any other night equal to this. Over 1000 people were turned away from the Old Folks Marriage. The Walnut had over 1700 people in; the Arch 1650, the Continental, 2800, and all the other places were full. There cannot be any hard times in this city.

We have previously mentioned the alterations made by Bourcicault—in deference to public opinion—in the final disposition of *Zoe*, in the last act of what Mr. B. calls "The Octoroon." Zoe does not die, but marries her "lovyer," a much more easy piece of business. Our facetious contemporary, *Punch*, thus versifies the variation:—

Say, Bourcicault, that she survives!
Grant us this public boon;
If cats are blessed with nine fold lives,
Give two to her, this pearl of wives,
Don't kill the *Octoroon*.

* * * * * * * *

The author heard; he rubbed his chin,
"They'll call me a poltroon,
But, if her death the houses thin,
Perhaps 'tis time I should begin
To save the *Octoroon*.

"Tragic necessity, good bye—
And manners change your tune;
The public

KISSING.

"Oh, quit—get out!—now, don't you!—
I really wish you wouldn't!
Oh, quit!—will you?—get out!—
You know you ought to shouldn't."

"There, now, you've got it—oh, be still!—
You sha'n't have any more;
You've got—oh, take away your face!—
What no man's got before."

"Once more?—there—that will do." "Oh, don't,
You've rumpled up my hair
If you'll but quit, I'll give you one—
Now take it—there—there—THERE!"

TERRY O'NEIL,
AND HIS DOG BOXER.

A SINGULAR STORY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOHN F. GILWEE.

ABOUT this time a year ago, my old school chum and companion, Frank Hazard, and myself, were sitting together in a well known tavern in this city, enjoying our Lochmagar whiskey (hot), and talking over old and better times, (for we had not seen each other for many a long year before), when a pair of immense Scotch wolf hounds sauntered into the room in which we were sitting. The tremendous size of the animals, and their apparent wonderful strength turned our attention from the topic under discussion, and each of us being a fancier and a master of a fine specimen of canine blood at the time, we freely turned our attention to the gigantic specimens before us.

"Well, Jack," exclaimed Frank, "those fellows are stunners, aint they? Regular Benicia Boys!"

"Yes, Frank," I replied. "They are the finest specimens of the kind I have ever seen. I wonder where they came from?"

"Weel, ef you want to knoo," exclaimed a burley, red faced Scotchman, entering the room with a steaming large tumbler of punch in his hand, "they cum from a long distance, beyant the sea."

"Well, what place or country might that be?" enquired Frank

"Bonnie Scotia, of the hills and braes," answered the Scotchman, as he half emptied his huge tumbler. "Those dogs cost two hundred dollars apiece, besides the expense of sending them here; and then the cost of teaching them not to tear people as they came into the store, almost amounted to as much more. Ah tell ye, ma boy, they are costly articles."

"I don't doubt it at all," said I, "but what is that black fellow scenting after now," I remarked, pointing to the largest of the pair, who had been crouching in a corner of the room, eagerly watching something, while his huge black eyes shot red hot fire.

Our Scotch acquaintance suddenly turned his head in the direction to which my finger was pointed, but before he could reach the half maddened beast, he gave a sudden bound, and in half a second a poor pet rabbit was seized and torn to pieces. The proprietor, becoming enraged at the loss of his cunning little pet, seized the blood thirsty animal by the nape of the neck, and dragging him to an adjoining room, he grabbed a heavy club, and beat him until his howls, resembling those of a mad bull, filled the house with terror and surprise. This chastisement being finished, and the guests becoming again composed, Frank Hazard turned to me and said:

"Jack, I was always opposed to cruelty to animals; but that bloody beast should have been taken out in the yard, and shot. I know I would have done it."

"So would I Frank," I replied, still gazing at the lacerated body of the poor rabit.

"Well, while we are on dog talk," Frank continued, "I will tell you an incident that came under my own observation four or five years ago; and you may have heard of a good many cases of cruelty to animals, but if the one that I am going to relate don't stir you up, you may tell me something more singular."

"Well, Frank, proceed; but if the yarn is long we had better light a cigar, and then I shall be all attention."

The ever obliging "John" having fetched the "Havanas," we gave them a brilliant blaze, and my sociable "pal" proceeded:

"Before I went to New Orleans, about seven years ago, I lived in the Sixth Ward of this great city. I tell you it was a gay old place to reside in some years ago. You may talk about sport around town; but I've been a rounder, you know, as well as you, but the sport that I've seen in Pete William's I shall never forget—when the old newsboys around the Ward used to get drunk on the champagne that the big boys down town used to pay three and five dollars a bottle for."

"Yes, I recollect some of that fun myself, Frank," I replied; "you know I've been *there*. But that aint the story."

"Well, I know it aint; but every time I think of those old times I forget what I'm telling about, and it does me good to talk of them. But I'll come back to where I started from. Well, at the time I speak of, there lived a few doors from me a middle aged man named Terry O'Neil. He was a mighty strange old buffer. He worked at bill posting, and the boys around the neighborhood said he loved his dog better than he did his wife. He was always inquiring where he could get a nice pup, and if he could find one, love or money couldn't keep him from him. He reared several fine specimens, but they not coming up to the mark of his liking, he sold them or gave them away to some particular friend. Well, at last he went to Albany and brought home a young fox terrier, about six months old. Terry used to feed him before he fed himself; and for the first time since he left Ireland he said he had a dog that suited him. When the fox grew up a little, he was always beside Terry wherever he went. I shall never forget the wisdom of that dog. You couldn't mistake his breed. The shape of his ears and head was fox out and out; and the color of his hair and the shape of his tail would remind you at once of his cunning and rascally "parient." Terry, in the height of his pride and admiration, called his favorite dog "Boxer," and he couldn't travel a block without "Boxer" was by his side. His business, you know, always brought him out very early in the morning, he being engaged by a couple of minstrel companies in the city to do their "posting." Often when I was coming home from a ball I'd meet "old Terry," as we used to call him, rushing along with his paste and brush, and a bundle of posters, and there was "Boxer" keeping a military step by the old man's leg Every body was speaking of the little canine's keenness, and when Terry was out of humor it was surprising to look at the fond and sympathetic expression of "Boxer's" fine black eyes, as he turned them toward his master's face. Terry O Neil was always fond of his "smather" of gin, as he used to call it. He couldn't live without it. It was second nature to him to drink, and when he left his paste on the sidewalk, while he went into the corner grocery for his liquor, "Boxer" would take his seat by the property, and the man or woman who would meddle with it would do so at the sacrifice of their fingers. One particular cold winter night, Terry O'Neil was returning home, and his day's work being done he became a "leetle careless," and stopped in at a good many places on the way. The result was that before reaching home he got "too much cargo on board," and became as the Toombs' judges call it, "drunk and disorderly." Within a few blocks of his house he ran against a fellow that was in the same condition as himself. They coming in collision and Terry being quick tempered in his liquor, he knocked the stranger down. Rising suddenly from the sidewalk, he clenched Terry, and then the grand struggle commenced. "Boxer" was surely in for the fight, and seeing his affectionate master in trouble, he seized the stranger by the leg, and clung to him until his cries brought a couple of M. P.s to the spot, and Terry being the assailant in the case, was locked up in one of the Toombs' cells. "Boxer" would not go away; but running and moaning around the entrance to the prison he would look pitifully into the officer's face who had arrested Terry, but could not banish the dog away until he had left the premises. Finding that all supplications for his master's release were in vain, the poor dog ran with all his speed to the old man's residence. Entering the room where the family were at supper, he ran up and down the floor howling and groaning in the most pitiful manner. Mrs. O'Neil thought in a moment that something was wrong, but in order that no doubt should exist, poor "Boxer" ran under the table, and catching the oldest boy of the family by the pantaloons, rushed out of the door. The boy, instantly taking the hint, followed the faithful little terrier, and in a few moments they were both at the prison door. Here again Boxer set up his cry, running up to the captain's desk, and back again to the boy. At last young Terry inquired if his father had been locked up that evening. Being told that he had been, the boy immediately went to the Alderman of the Ward, and had the old man released. That night, when Terry O'Neil went home, he insisted upon getting more liquor, and when he wanted the fluid, there was no use in talking him down. He drank until he became perfectly mad, and poor "Boxer," being so happy that his cruel master was released from the "bolts and bars," kept capering about his legs, and jumping into his lap and down again.

"Well," I exclaimed, in astonishment, "I never heard of an instance of such affection and shrewdness in an animal in my life."

"Yes, but the sickening part of the story has got to come yet," remarked my friend. "Rising into a fit of madness and fury of drunkenness, which hell itself could not equal, he accused his poor faithful little dog of deserting him in his trouble on the way home. His wife and son tried to explain the matter in favor of poor doomed 'Boxer," but it was all to no purpose. The drunken and heartless brute, deaf to all entreaties, in a fit of hellish fury, swinging the poor animal by the neck in one hand, and a bludgeon in the other, swore a fearful oath that whoever should follow him beyond the door he would use them in the same manner that he used the dog. The family, terrified, shrunk back, and the inhuman wretch carried Boxer, his faithful companion through many a dreary and miserable night, and dashed out his brains against a stone fence. Leaving "Boxer" dead in the yard he returned to the house, and drained a half pint bottle of liquor into his mouth. From that moment forth he never spoke a word. Becoming stupified, his wife, who had been well accustomed to him being so "tried," thought nothing of the matter, but placed him in bed. During the night she woke up, and found Terry as stiff and cold as his faithful dog; the only difference being that while "Boxer" lay calmly and naturally dead in the yard, his unfortunate and brutal master lay in his bed, his tongue clenched between his teeth, and his eyes, like those of a fiend, were started clear out of their sockets, and frightened every one from the room who came to look at him. That affair took such an effect upon my mind, that I never will use any cruelty to a useful and affectionate animal; and I hope that you, owning almost as true a little creature as "Boxer" was, will remember the dreadful fate of Terry O'Neil.

A LADY PROFESSOR
OF THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.

A Polish lady, Mdlle. Linowska, a week or two since, gave a fashionable exposition of the art of self defence, or fencing, at the Hanover-square Rooms. Upon the subject, the *Saturday Review* makes the subjoined comments:—

"Certainly all officers, whether of the army, navy, or volunteers, would do well to study how to use the swords which are suspended at their sides. They may, if they have not opportunity for more, confine themselves to learning the ordinary sword exercise; but if they desire to be neat and quick swordsmen, they should begin by a thorough course of practice with the foil before attempting to handle a more cumbrous weapon. Fencing has, indeed, fallen very far from the high position which it held in the days of the great Italian and French masters, who cultivated it to a degree of perfection hardly conceivable by those who have not read their elaborate treaties and studied the infinite variety of beautiful drawings by which they illustrated them. The practice of fencing can only be recommended now as one among many methods of giving grace and agility to the human frame. But it certainly is unsurpassed in efficacy for these objects; and besides, it supplies a resource which may unexpectedly become valuable, so that its claims are still strong to hold a place in the programme of education of a finished gentleman. We may say further, that it possesses quite an historic interest, and we believe that even an uninstructed eye would see in an encounter between two accomplished fencers, a very high degree of beauty.

"We are not able, as honest critics, to ascribe to Mdlle. Linowska the highest degree of merit as what ought, we suppose, to be called *maitresse d'armes*. Her method of saluting her opponent and the audience, and the way in which she went through the preliminary exercise of thrusting and parring in *quarte* and *tierce*, were graceful; but when it came to the real tug of war—that is, when length and strength of limb were wanted for vigorous attack—the opinion which we had ventured to form beforehand became confirmed. And in spite of all those formidable ladies who insist upon the masculine aptitudes of their sex, we shall now venture to assert that fencing had better be left to gentlemen, as being one of the very few things which they are likely to do better than ladies. When it comes, however, to that sort of fencing which is meant to represent as nearly as may be an actual combat, there is a demand, not only for ease and grace and quickness, but for force; and here we are compelled to say, that Mdlle. Linowska would have disappointed us if our expections had not been moderate. We hope she will not take it ill if we confess to having remembered during her performance that she was a woman, and not a man. To borrow a ladies' phrase, we thought her performance was very good indeed, 'considering.' She has a neat and quick defence, but we thought the style of her attack objectionable, and—as we should say, necessarily—it wanted power. Nevertheless, Mdlle. Linowska gained a fair share of hits in each of her three encounters, and certainly her success was always handsomely applauded. It may interest some readers to be informed that she wore a short dress of dark velvet, and had in her hair two or three white roses. Round her neck she had only a narrow white collar turned over her dress, and we thought that this exposure of the throat to a chance thrust was as imprudent as it is unusual. We cannot conscientiously say that her performance afforded a very lively entertainment, nor was our cheerfulness enhanced by the vigorous exertions of a brass band which had evidently been used to open-air playing in some very noisy thoroughfare. There were, of course, engagements with sticks and sabres, as well as with foils; and there was also sparring between a short professional boxer and one or two tall privates or non-commissioned officers of the Guards, which we must confess appeared to please the company quite as well as the more elegant performance which they had especially come to see. It would be vain to dissemble the fact that Mr. Plantagenet Green divided the honors of the night pretty evenly with Mdlle. Linowska. Mr. Green is a negro whose skin takes a particularly brilliant polish, and whose face has been so flattened by nature that pugilistic art can do but little in the way of levelling its slight protuberances. The *assault* was held in a room often used for philanthropic meetings. Probably it was not the first time that sympathy for the negro had been evoked upon those boards. The only novelty lay in the method."

PRENTICE says that New-York is a pretty large city, but Charleston is an all-fired one.

A ROMANTIC STORY,

AN affair has just been tried betore the Seine Assize Court that recalls the plots of some of George Sand's early publications. The principal actor in it was indicted for murder, but the jurymen, who were all deeply interested in him, decided that it was only a *delit d'imprudence;* and pronounced a consequent acquittal. A Paris correspondent describes the case as follows:—

"Two persons, no longer young—one a widow, the other married and the father of a family—fall in love with each other so desperately that they determine on committing suicide, as neither wishes to outrage society by continuing what they call their false relations. Both signed an agreement, previous to the attempted execution of their project, to get married in the next world:—'We will at least be united in eternity, since we cannot be on earth. The means by which they strove to enter this promised land was that so often resorted to by French lovers similarly circumstanced—a pan of charcoal in a room almost hermetically closed. Madame Thomas, the widow, to carry out her idea the more completely, arrayed herself in a magnificent bridal costume, and paid ten francs to a *perruquier* to arrange in braids her magnificent flaxen hair previous to her putting on the marriage wreath and veil. Paulin Gilbert, at her desire, also donned a wedding toilet. Death, it was decided, was to be the priest; and, accordingly, both joined hands over the brazier till the bride became insensible, owing to the fumes of the charcoal, and fell upon the floor, dragging after her Gilbert, who was also in a state of insensibility. She expired almost immediately after, but the unhappy man did not follow her into the other world, as he had promised. In falling, he fell across the brazier, which caused his clothes to take fire, and the smell thereby produced, attracted the attention of the neighbors. When the door was broken open, the fire had almost penetrated to the bone, which, in a slight degree, by the acute pain it produced, brought back consciousness to Gilbert. He was at once transported to an hospital, and a cure effected, but with difficulty, for he refused medicine, and appeared determined upon following the widow Thomas. His appearance in the dock was hideous, his face being so frightfully disfigured by the unhealed burns, and his body by the mass of bandages that supplied the place of clothing. The instruction contained a full history of this strange being. According to it, he is forty-two years old, having been born in 1819 at Bourges, where his father, a retired soldier, had married a flower-maker. When he was fifteen years of age he was apprenticed to a jeweller, and seven years later he came to Paris, where he proved himself to be a steady and intelligent artisan. Two years later he married a young workwoman, pretty and remarkable for her excellent conduct. The marriage during several years proved to be unusually happy, and the husband, although he lived from the time of his wedding in the same house with Mdme. Thomas and her husband, never showed any symptoms of any liking beyond that of friendship for the former, neither did she for him. When Thomas died, all the neighbors said that his wife was like a broken-hearted woman, and all pitied her because she was so universally good-natured. About a year and a half back, Madame Gilbert fell dangerously ill, and begged of the widow Thomas to attend her, as well as attend to her household concerns. She did so; and while engaged in what there is every reason to believe was altogether prompted by a feeling of pity for a sick friend, Gilbert conceived for her a violent passion, and she for Gilbert. Both agreed in condemning each other, and both were seized with a disgust for life, so much so that the jeweller entirely deserted his shop, and as the witnesses said, the widow, instead of being the best *menagere* in the *quartier*, abandoned her domicile, and took to making *courses—Anglice*, gadding about. It was one day, after trying to divert herself from her morbid state of mind by walking several times round the galleries of the Louvre, that she conceived the idea of the suicide, and communicated it to Gilbert, who eagerly agreed to its execution. The idea of suicide was then developed into an eternal marriage, and the unhappy woman sold the best part of her furniture to buy a suit of clothes worthy of so great a solemnity."

A COMICAL view of the game of cricket is given in one of the journals of Lisbon, Portugal. The English residents at Lisbon and Oporto have each a cricket club, which was played recently at Lisbon. The Portuguese editor was sadly puzzled in attempting to describe a scene which was novel to him. He explains it to the befogged Portuguese in this fashion:—"The object of the formation of these societies is the game of cricket match, an active, running, driving, jumping game, which only can be played by a person having a good pair of legs, and in a climate where warmed punch is found insufficient to keep up the animal heat." He adds:—We may perhaps, assist at this great battle, and hope the committee will place us at a distance from the combatants, where the principles of the game can be seen with the help of the opera glass.

RACING IN JAPAN.—A few days aftewards I was invited to witness their races. The race-course was between two rows of houses, and every verandah was crowded with occupants of both sexes. At a given signal some thirty horses started off amidst shouts and yells, and went away as well as they could, their riders not being extremely anxious to go too fast, as it was soon discovered the qualities and perfection of a horse in Japan are not estimated or tested by his speed, but by his powers of endurance. So the thirty horses, after going up and down this street as long as they could, gradually fell off, tired and beaten, until only one remained. This was declared the winner. The race lasted quite an hour, and at intervals a fresh batch took up the running. It was stupid work to us, and as the day was hot, we left early. —*Hodgson's Japan.*

GREASED LIGHTNING.—It is a matter of curiosity as to how quick communication may be made by means of the telegraph. A short time since, an experiment was tried to illustrate that point. It was agreed that a telegrapher at New-York city, in communication with Chicago, Illinois, should write the letter S—which is done by making three dots—and that a Chicago telegrapher should instantly, on hearing the dots, respond by making the same signs. The plan was carried out successfully, and the paper of the register at New-York showed that the dots made by both operators stood so nearly together that it was impossible to write a single dot between the characters representing the two s's.

BIG THING!—The clock of St. Paul's, London, is a big thing! The pendulum is fourteen feet long, and the weight at the end is one hundred pounds; the dial on the outside is regulated by a smaller one within; the length of the minute hand on the exterior dials is eight feet, and the weight of each, seventy-five pounds; the length of the hour figures is two feet two and a half inches.

LANGUAGE.—Out of the 50,000 words, or so, in the English tongue, it has been found that an English peasant only uses 300. An ordinarily educated man is supposed to use 3,000 or 4,000, while a great orator reaches 10,000. The Old Testament contains 5,642 different words; and the works of Shakespeare about 15,000; those of Milton about 8,000.

A BRAVE DOG—Two children, Joseph Lowe and Philip McNary, were drowned at Columbus, Ohio, a few days since, while playing on the ice in the river. A Newfoundland dog, which was harnessed to their sled, made frantic efforts to save them. In the struggle, he tore himself loose from his toy harness, and went crashing through the ice to reach the body of his little master.

A STAND OFF.—"We have equal rights," said a dwarf to a giant. "Very true, my good fellow," said the giant, "yet you cannot walk in my shoes." "Ditto," said the dwarf.

A SHREWD BEGGAR.—The following question was addressed to a landlady by an eccentric genius. Stepping into the door, he observed: "Will you, ma am, give me a drink of water, for I am so hungry I don't know where to stay to-night." We doubt whether more meaning could be embodied in so few words.

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